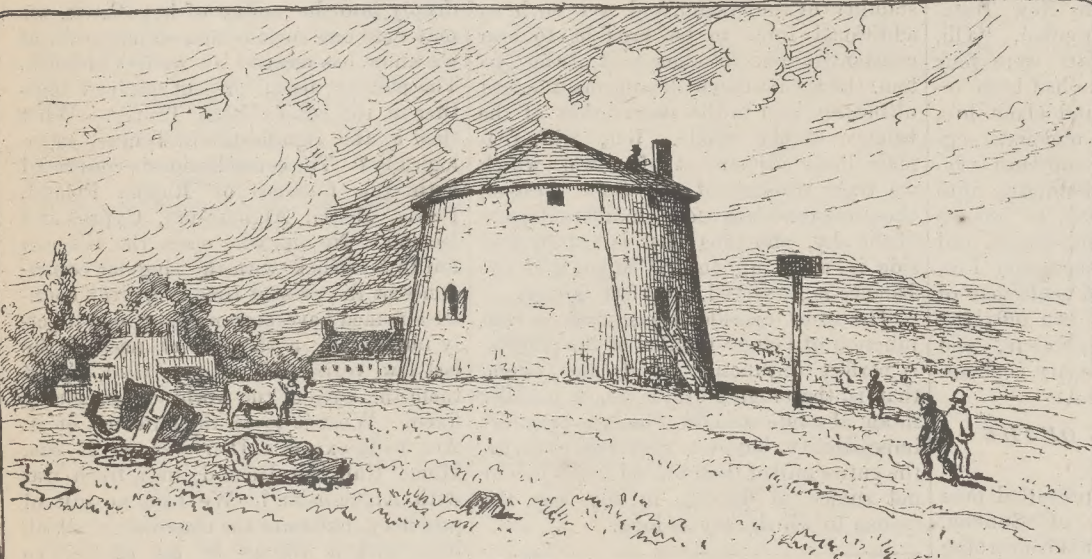


Grand **Illustrated News**

Vol. XXIII.—No. 26.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1881.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
 { \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



Martello Tower No. 3 the day after the fire — Our artist sketching from the roof



*Policeman Patrick Flynn.
 Who rescued two of Hardy's children from the flames*



George Laperriere the person on whose premises the fire originated



A father rescues his children in a blanket



Group of refugees in embrasure of Martello Tower



INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT FIRE IN QUEBEC.
 FROM SKETCHES TAKEN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

June 19th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 82°	55°	68° 5	Mon.. 72°	61°	66° 5
Tues.. 82°	60°	71°	Tues.. 71°	61°	66°
Wed.. 70°	52°	61°	Wed.. 75°	61°	68°
Thur.. 72°	45°	58° 5	Thur.. 77°	64°	70° 5
Fri.. 72°	45°	58° 5	Fri.. 79°	63°	71°
Sat.. 76°	55°	65°	Sat.. 85°	64°	74° 5
Sun.. 76°	55°	65° 5	Sun.. 86°	65°	75° 5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 25th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

It is Monday. A statement which in ordinary weeks might pass without comment, but which has a strange significance to-day. For so many people had persuaded themselves that there would be no Monday, that there will doubtless be a slight feeling of disappointment mingled with the gratification which most of us experience at being still "to the fore." Various were the preparations made for the expected tour through space. We know a little boy who petitioned, though unsuccessfully, for permission to wear his Sunday clothes throughout the week so as to get as much wear out of them as possible, and tradesmen report a disinclination on the part of their customers to pay up their bills in the hopes of getting a release in full of all obligations. The majority of the Stock Exchange were reported as "holding for a rise," and the police were ordered to be on hand in case their assistance should be required in the event of any serious disturbance among the planets. For ourselves we wisely declined writing our editorials until to-day, lest haply they should be wasted upon the inhabitants of Saturn, and set to work to get up such information as would be useful to us, in the event of our next engagement being on the Jupiter *Daily Asteroid*. But as we before observed, it is Monday, and—well we have to write our editorials and pay our bills the same as usual.

Peccavimus! For in our ignorance we knew but one Sophocles, and it seems there are two. But why, O why, did not the *Home Journal* give the Harvard Professor of Greek a Christian name, or call him "Esquire" or "Junior" or "number 2" or something by which have distinguished him from his predecessor in the same, or a similar line of business? There is many a WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, but so far as we know, few have attempted to "write plays," and out of many hundred GEORGE WASHINGTONS, no second has been rash enough to court comparison with the father of his country by becoming President of the Republic. But Professor SOPHOCLES (Junior) is in a position in which his name may prove a "scandal," in the Greek sense of the word, to many a true believer.

ONE thing that cannot help striking everybody in connection with the revised edition of the New Testament is, how much better the critics would have done it than those gentlemen who have spent so many years upon a comparatively thankless task. It is well to be an "irresponsible, indolent reviewer," and it seems an everlasting pity, as our neighbours pithily express it, that so many brilliant suggestions should come too late to be incorporated with the text. One gentleman is concerned with the disappearance of the "beasts" from the Revelations, and the substitution of "living creatures." His own suggestion solves the difficulty entirely. Why not *zoön* and *zoa*? How nicely it would sound "And the four *zoa* fell down." But have the critics not reflected that the alteration of the passage at all will be the death blow of a cherished Bible narrative. Have they never heard of the Oxford youth who, when seated before the quartette of examiners, and found wanting in other Scriptural knowledge, was asked, "Can you not quote from memory any passage of the New Testament?" and confidently replied, "Oh, yes, 'And round about him were four great beasts.'" Fancy if he had been reduced to quote "And round about him were four great *zoa*." The reviewer's suggestion reminds us of the translator who thought the Bible needed rendering into refined and elegant English, to become really popular with the upper classes, and who proposed to commence the Prodigal Son's history with "A gentleman of opulence and fortune had two offspring of widely differentiated characters," and as to whose ultimate fate history is silent.

THE CONJUNCTION OF THE PLANETS.

The excitement which prevailed over the predicted disturbance of Sunday, seems to justify a few words concerning the phenomenon which actually did take place.

The Solar system, so called, is composed of a central sun and eight planets of which our earth is one. These planets revolve in elliptical orbits around the sun in the following order:—Mercury, Venus, The Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, their distances ranging from 36,000,000 of miles in the case of Mercury to 3,000,000,000, the extreme limit at which Neptune pursues his slow journey through the Heavens. Two forces keep this vast system in motion, and insure its stability from day to day. The first is that is popularly known as centrifugal force, by which the planets seek constantly to fly off into space, as a stone swung round at the end of a string is ready at any moment to fly off if released from its restraining power. The second force is that of universal gravitation, or attraction. We most of us understand that when an object is let fall from the hand it strikes the ground, by reason of the power of attraction which the earth has for all matter at or near its surface, a power which we call gravity. This law, however, is by no means confined to the earth, but holds good throughout the universe, and may be stated popularly thus: "All matter attracts other matter in proportion to its size and weight." That is to say that the earth attracts the stone you let fall because the earth is the larger of the two.

The sun then, being immensely larger and weightier than any of the planets holds them in check by this power of attraction, which acts as a restraining power to the centrifugal impulse, just as the string restrains the stone from flying away from the circle which it is forced to describe. The centrifugal force in turn by its influence prevents the sun's attraction from acting directly upon the planets and forcing them to fly towards him as the stone, let fall, flies to the earth.

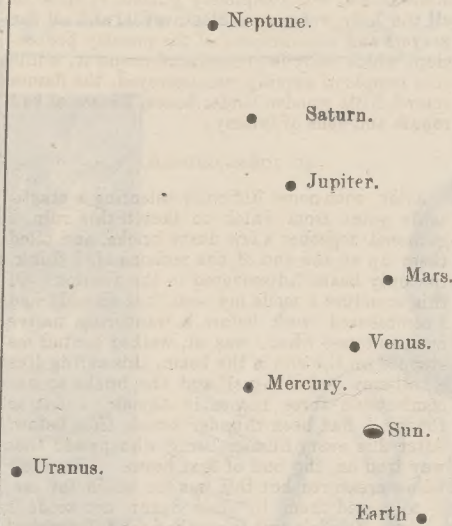
But this is not all. Besides the attraction of the sun, it follows from the law of universal gravitation of which we have already spoken that every planet attracts every other in proportion to its size and

nearness; and as one passes close to another in its path through the Heavens the two are drawn slightly together and out of their usual course. So beautiful, however is the arrangement of the system that their attractions compensate each other in different parts of the Heavens, and the planets keep their regular courses before and after such disturbances.

Now it happens that from time to time in their passage around the sun, two planets find themselves in a line with that luminary. If all the orbits were in the same plane (that is if the planets travelled one exactly behind the other) this would of course happen to each pair of planets in every revolution. As a matter of fact, however, the planes are inclined in various directions, and the meeting occurs more seldom. Still planets do assume this position, and such an occurrence is known as a conjunction of the two planets concerned.

It is obvious that when two planets are, so to speak, pulling in the one direction an influence must be produced upon the stability of the system, and were such an additional force to be brought to bear constantly upon the same part of the system, the accumulated derangement might ultimately lead to the destruction of the balance of the whole. But, with that marvellous adjustment of power which we trace throughout the Solar system, these conjunctions occur in different parts of the sky, and thus what is lost on one side is made up on the other, and the balance is preserved as perfect as ever.

The same considerations affect a conjunction of a larger number of the planets. A perfect conjunction of all the system, that is, the ranging of the whole number in an absolute straight line is a practical impossibility, but even were this to occur, the entire pull of their united forces would not suffice to derange in any way the system to which they belong.



The present position of the sun and planet is approximately shewn in the accompanying diagram. From this it will be seen that there is a remarkable gathering of the larger planets, with the exception of Uranus in the same portion of the Heavens though they are not all actually in conjunction. The physical effect of this phenomenon, as might have been predicted from what we have said, was and could be *nil*. But it has another interest for us and a purely astrological one.

There are but few instances on record of a conjunction of the larger planets. The earliest is that which is chronicled in the Chinese annals, and which astronomers tell us took place B.C. 2446 B.C. when Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Mercury were actually in conjunction in the constellation Pisces. But a conjunction with which astrology has been more busy is that which is said to have taken place within a few years of our Lord's birth. The remarkable conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn which with other astronomical phenomena occurred in 1603 set KEPLER to calculate the data of the periodical conjunctions of these planets, arriving ultimately at the conclusion, verified by independent evidence, that there was a re-

markable conjunction of these planets and Mars in the constellation Pisces shortly before our Lord's appearance on earth. Now the constellation Pisces was supposed by astrologers to watch over the fortunes of Judea, a still more remarkable coincidence, which may well be supposed to have had weight with the Chaldean astrologers in forming their expectation of the arrival of the Jewish Messiah. Several modern commentators, amongst others Canon FARRAR, have accordingly supposed that this conjunction was in fact the Star in the East seen by the Magi, and that from the circumstances above mentioned they were led to their conclusions respecting the arrival of our Lord, and impelled to make their journey in search of Him. We cannot do more here than touch upon this subject, which is elsewhere treated in detail, but we may find space in conclusion to ask the question. What does the present conjunction portend astrologically speaking?

Without directly answering this question which would lead us somewhat too deeply into the realms of hypothesis, we may note one curious fact, which so far as we know has escaped all writers hitherto. The planets are at present grouped together in the constellation Taurus, astrologically? The constellation is connected with the fortunes of Russia, Poland, Persia, Media, Afghanistan, Cyprus and Ireland. No one who reads the list can fail to be struck with the singular coincidence at the present time. All the countries named have been more or less directly implicated in the disturbances of the last few years, and on more than one of them the eyes of the world are anxiously fixed. What is to be the outcome of it. Are we to expect a Deliverer for Russia, Home Rule for Ireland, or a fresh war with Afghanistan? We have no gift of prophecy, but amid the convulsions which have shaken Europe to its centre, so strange a portent may give people something at least to think about.

OUR ARTIST AT THE QUEBEC FIRE.

ST. LOUIS HOTEL, QUEBEC.

I am staying at the St. Louis Hotel, in the City of Quebec. I have just partaken of a hearty supper, and am strolling up and down the hall with a cigarette in my mouth, and peace and good-will in my heart, when a gentleman enters, and speaks to another gentleman, who seems somewhat surprised at the communication made to him, and the two go out together. Presently another man enters rather hurriedly, and holds a short conversation with the clerk. Then hurries in another excited man, and another and another and another. They form a group; the guests of the house crowd round them. All talk eagerly and gesticulate. I catch the words, "fire," "burning," "St. John street, Genevieve, Latourville, Oliver, Richelieu," and the names of other streets mixed with those of individuals with which I am not familiar. One, however, I remember afterwards, was Laperriere. I being a stranger in the land, and unacquainted with the manners and customs of Quebecers, think this commotion may be all *en règle*—the regular thing—a habit of the natives, but I ask the clerk if it is in any way unusual. He says it is. There is a large fire burning in another part of the town. I walk out, thinking I will take a look at the fire and then go to bed, little supposing that acres of stout masonry, the bodies of innumerable dumb beasts, and alas! too, of men, women, and young children are to be munched up before morning by the most ravenous of all the gluttons who scourge poor humanity.

However, I stroll out, up one street, down another, I do not know where, but towards a great glare in the sky, and in the same direction in which every one is hurrying. They are talking as rapidly as they walk, mostly in French. Presently I turn a corner, and see down at the end of the street a square splotch of yellow, with little black silhouettes of human forms moving across it like insects in a drop of water over the disc of a microscope. This is the fire. I walk on till I reach an open space, at one side of which I distinguish a large round Martello tower.

IN THE FIELDS.

Here people are crowding by hundreds. Men and women carrying children, furniture, trunks, bedding, dogs, cats, every conceivable thing. There are carts, laden with household goods, drawn by scared horses. There are cows without number, behaving themselves pretty well under the circumstances. I am nearly knocked

over by a man carrying a feather bed. A child clings to my legs and appeals to me as "Papa." I have scarcely time to disclaim the relationship when a frantic woman swoops down upon the little one and whirls it away, with its arms and legs flying about like undergarments on a clothes line.

Not far off I see the mad devils of flames, leaping, bounding, prancing over roofs of houses and lashing the walls of the Church of St. John the Baptist. Ah! they have fixed their claws on the roof of the sacred edifice. How they tear at it like famished dogs! Whew! they are clambering up the spires. Now all is in a blaze and the twin steeples stand out in the flame and smoke like two fearful fiery fir trees. Now for an instant of time one of them hangs suspended in air; then down it comes with a crash. Up goes a huge cloupe of smoke and sparks, and the storm howls on.

The wind blows a hurricane, carrying burning shingles, and sparks as big as marbles, in myriads over the fields, and everywhere, like a plague of lurid locusts.

Every one seems demented, there is scarcely a sane man, woman or child in the whole frantic host. I am hustled here and there, and everywhere, and scarcely know what has happened till I find myself back at the St. Louis Hotel, lying half-dressed on my clean white bed.

The next morning I am up by daylight in the fields, and through the burning day hardly know how the time passes. But by-and-by I find to my intense satisfaction that the fire has burned itself out. It has come to the fields, where there is no more food, and from sheer want of nourishment the beast dies.

I make a few notes and sketches here and there, and despatch them to the *News*, but the scene of the conflagration is too elaborate a piece of work to be finished amid the excitement of the time, and in my confined quarters of the hotel, so I am forced to delay its completion till my return to Montreal. But here it is in the present number, and I think a tolerably faithful representation of the scene.

GEORGE LAPERRIERE.

George Laperriere, the unfortunate man in whose stable the fire originated, and who was a sufferer to the extent of six horses, a cow, and most of his other worldly effects, including five valuable extremities severely burned—to wit., two hands, two feet, and a very amiable head, we found reclining on a very small couch in the house of a good Samaritan. He was asleep, but his wife, with true French politeness, insisted on waking him up, and he with the same Gallic virtue aroused himself at once, with as much of a smile on his face as could reasonably be expected from—even a Frenchman, whose visage was swoln to the size of a boarding-house bolster, and the form of a bladder of lard. Considering that our mission was the rather delicate one of interviewing and sketching a gentleman suffering from a recent and great affliction, I felt some embarrassment at finding myself thus breaking in upon the private domestic arrangements of two or more families, for they were at tiffin, with an indefinite number of children revolving round the table like asteroids, with slices of bread and—and insouciant in their mouths. But my companion, who was gifted with a large amount of that elegant bronze, that alloy of silver and brass, which seems to be the hereditary virtue of all sons of the Emerald Isle, even though they be separated by ages and oceans from the dear old sod, at once launched into tender enquiries as to the state of Mr. Laperriere's health and feelings, with much of the grace and tact which marked Uncle Toby's action at the bedside of Lefer, and he then boldly made the proposition that the inflamed and afflicted gentleman should sit for his portrait. I drew my breath at this unexpected request, being only prepared to carry off his likeness surreptitiously in my eye, to be elaborated in the seclusion of my own chamber. We were not kicked out of the house immediately. Another instance of French forbearance and good breeding. Though I am satisfied that there were enough asteroids hovering round, not to mention the planets of great magnitude, the Ma's and Venuses, to have utterly annihilated us. No, we were not ejected. On the contrary, our victim urbanely assented, and promptly posed for the picture. It may seem ungracious after so much courtesy; I know it is a violation of all the sacred laws of hospitality, which even the wild Arab always, and the wilder Yankee sometimes, respects, but I cannot help saying that the amiable sufferer did look a most comical guy as he sat there swollen and serene, on his narrow bed, while I sketched his likeness. Both his hands and both his feet swathed in moist rags, made me think of a cat in pattens; his head blistered, his chin and neck consolidated with the rest of his corporation, like a Grand Trunk, and his light blue eyes with no fire, but a good deal of conflagration in them, as indicated by the inflamed and drooping eyelids, formed a picture which would have made a donkey laugh. But I did not laugh. I sketched him as gravely as though I had been signing a mortgage, whilst his wife and several of the asteroids looked over my shoulder and pronounced my work, which appears elsewhere in this paper, as *bien bon*. May all good fortune in the future attend this afflicted and amiable family.

PATRICK FLYNN.

From Mr. Laperriere's apartment I walked down the one flight of narrow stairs (which by the way ran plump into the dining room without

any introduction in the way of a preliminary landing,) and along the almost equally narrow street to the Police Station, where I interviewed policeman Patrick Flynn who rescued two of the four children saved from the house where the unfortunate father and mother Mr. and Mrs. Hardy were burned. This brave fellow's name being, Patrick, and Flynn, taken in conjunction with the fact that he comes from Dublin renders the statement that he is an Irishman almost superfluous. But to prevent the possibility of future historians falling into error and claim him as an Englishman, it may be as well to say positively that he is an Irishman with just a dainty little bit of the brogue sticking to his acclimated tongue. He told me that the fire was known to the police and had gained considerable proportions before the fire alarm was given, and by the time it was over, or at least before he was released from duty he could scarcely stand without leaning upon something for support, suiting the action to the words he assumed the attitude in which I have sketched him. He disclaims, and intimal evidence sustains him, all relationship to the churlish old gentlemen immortalized in the famous lines.

'Tis a pity Hell's gates are not kept by O'Flynn,
Such a surly old dog would let nobody in."

WHERE THE FIRE ORIGINATED.

Back to the heart of the desolated district I wended my way, under the broiling sun, over the dusty streets, between avenues of the dry bones of dead habitations, till I reached the spot where the fire-fiend took his first bite of the doomed city. Here a tall and dusty French policeman pointed out the exact spot where the fire first started, on the premises of Mr. Laperriere, where the poor Hardy father and mother lost their lives in a brave search for their children who were already saved. Also the spot where the remains of Chas. Moeris were discovered, and a smoking, black and shapeless mass which represented all that was left of Laperriere's six horses, all which various points were depicted in our sketches of last number. The tall and dusty policeman kindly procured me a chair from an adjacent house of doubtful repute, and as I sat sketching in the shadow of a calcined gable, the pleasant south wind blew the odors of the defunct steeds unpleasantly across my sketch book, and under my indignant nose.

It was remarked to me here by a bystander, as a singular fact, that while the church of St. John, an edifice of strong masonry, isolated from all surrounding buildings and standing high above them, was completely gutted, in spite of all the holy water sprinkled over it, and all the prayers and benedictions of the priestly procession, which marched round and round it, while this temple of worship was destroyed, the flames spared little wooden tinder boxes, houses of bad repute and dens of infamy.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

After, with some difficulty selecting a practicable point from which to sketch this ruin, I gathered together a few dusty bricks, and piled them up on the end of the remains of, I think, the only beam I discovered in the district. Of this structure I made my seat, but scarcely had I commenced work before a wandering native curious to see what I was at, walked behind me stepped on the end of the beam, this acting like a ball-trap jerked myself and the bricks an uncomfortable three inches in the air. I felt as though I had been thunder struck from below. After this every human being who passed that way trod on the end of that beam. I love my fellow creatures but this was too much for me. I requested them in plain Saxon not to do it again. English grit triumphed, and I finished my sketch.

THE ENGINEERS' CONVENTION —THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

The Convention of Engineers last week held their session in Montreal. Full particulars of all proceedings have already appeared in the daily papers and do not need to be repeated here. In connection with the event, however, we have thought it would be of interest to publish an engraving of the chief engineering feature of Montreal.

The idea of the Victoria Bridge was first publicly suggested by an article in the *Economist* in June, 1846, written by the Hon. John Young, and in September of the same year the idea had so far gained ground that Mr. A. C. Martin, then Chief Engineer of the St. Lawrence and Atlantic Railroad, was instructed by the Board of Directors to survey the proposed site and report as to the practicability. In spite of the favourable report of Mr. Martin and the acknowledgment of its feasibility by Mr. Day, of Pennsylvania, who surveyed the site in the following October, the matter was dropped during five years of great commercial depression; but in June, 1851, a further survey was made by Mr. John Keefer, whose report was published in 1853. The surveys for the bridge itself were commenced in February, 1853, after the first location surveys in the winter of 1852. To Hon. John Young's personal efforts and liberality the carrying out of the scheme was mainly due.

The bridge itself was built by Mr. G. R. Stephenson, to whom the whole credit of the work as it now stands is justly due. A claim to some portion of the credit has been made on be-

half of Mr. Ross, who visited the site in 1852 with Mr. Young, and gave his opinion in favour of the present location and a tubular bridge, but who did no more than give Mr. Stephenson some hints as to what the bridge was to be before his visit to this country, and who, whatever credit is due to him for the first idea, had no share in the design or execution of the bridge as it now stands, except in his position as assistant engineer to Mr. Stephenson.

The Victoria Bridge is 9,437 feet in extreme length, and is supported upon 24 piers or towers and 10 abutments of masonry. The length of the iron structure is 6,576 feet, and the bridge is 60 feet above the summer water level in the centre, and 24 feet lower at the ends.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PIPING TIMES OF PEACE.—The old soldier of the French wars, now sitting in his rustic garden at home, and playing a tune on the clarinet, to the entertainment of the listening girls behind the fence, is surely an agreeable representative of innocent repose from the toils and perils of grim-visaged war. He might have been a comrade of My Uncle Toby, or of Goldsmith's retired veteran who "shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won;" there is such a quaint old-fashioned air of the last century about this kind old fellow, and his uniform, not yet quite past wearing in this state of dishabille, is of the same antiquated pattern. It would be pleasant to sit with him an hour or two; and, when he has performed all he knows upon the musical instrument that yields a customary solace of his evening leisure, to let him talk of campaigns and sieges in different foreign parts, where "Brown Bess," with the bayonet stuck in her muzzle, followed up the shower of hand-grenades to the discomfort of a host of Frenchmen and Spaniards lining the hostile rampart—or where, on the sultry plains of India, in the early days of British conquest there, myriads of dusky warriors, the chivalry of the Mogul or Mahratta Empire, were put to flight by a small band of disciplined English soldiers. We prefer, nevertheless, to live in the "piping times of peace," and to leave, far off in the past, those tales of military glory.

A NOOK IN THE FOREST.—Mr. Edson's charming woodland compositions are well known to most of our readers. In the present he has shown us an ideal camping ground buried in the depth of the forest, with the shifting sunbeams wearing their delicate tracery of light and shadow over the sward at our feet.

Such a nook as seems to contrive all that is enjoyable of cool shady rest with perhaps only one drawback, which the artist has been clever enough to keep in the background. What about the mosquitoes, Mr. Edson?

THE ITALIAN ORGAN-GRINDERS.—The condition of a large number of poor foreigners, men and boys, chiefly from Parma and the neighbouring villages, who are induced by speculative caterers of London street-music to come to this country, has repeatedly been discussed. They are too often held in a wretched bondage for pretended advances of money on account of their wages, or for the cost of their miserable food, lodging and clothing, advantage being fraudulently taken of their ignorance of our language and the ways of London life. Our illustration shows the scene in a squalid kitchen near Saffron-hill, where some of these poor Italians were taking their comfortless meal, after tramping about town all day with a heavy instrument, of Paris or Geneva manufacture, contrived by the turning of a handle to emit melodious strains.

THE SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART OF CALIFORNIA.—The Art Loan Exhibition held last month in San Francisco was for the benefit of the Society of Decorative Art in California, an institution recently organized by the wealthy ladies of that city for the purpose of opening a new and remunerative field in industrial arts for women; to establish rooms for the exhibition and sale of women's work, and the diffusion of knowledge of decorative art, and training in artistic industries; to develop the art of needle-work and to assist in adapting it to the requirements of house-furnishing and decoration, also to encourage and stimulate the productions of designs for manufactured objects, and to obtain orders from private individuals as well as from dealers in articles of household art.

The exhibition was composed entirely of loaned articles principally by the Board of Managers and other leading ladies of the coast. Seldom has such a unique variety of beautiful and quaint productions been placed before the public.

Amid pictures from the ateliers of Gérôme, Leloir, Vibert, Merle, Bouguereau, Meissonier, B. ard, Brown and others, were to be seen some pristine artistic specimens of our own native tribes. The articles are too numerous for detail, and were gathered by these energetic ladies in the travels for health and pleasure. The interest manifested and progress of the society has been encouraging, and subscriptions already received inspire the hope that, as the aims of the society become more generally appreciated, it may be endowed with means to offer free scholarship to those who, by talent and circumstance, are deserving of such privileges; and thus in time it may embody all those features which distinguish the South Kensington School, and render it so useful in the development of art industries.

BETWEEN HAMMER AND ANVIL.

BY NED P. MALE.

Many bitter tears are shed by those who would appear at first sight to be surrounded by every blessing which luxury, affectionate solicitude, and the admiration and homage of many can bestow. We mean by marriagable girls whose better impulses the world has not entirely wronged.

Constantly impressed by their mothers with the duty of settling in life and with the great outlay which their introduction to and maintenance in society demands. Stung with the implied reproach of being a burden and an anxiety to their parents. Yet their whole better nature revolting at a marriage which appears little better than a barter of their charms for a home and position. There are high spirited girls who are wrought to the verge of suicide or madness, and who, but for a dread of scandal, which has become a second nature, would rush from their homes and take refuge in the independence, even of a menial drudgery—of whose heart-rending complaints the stars alone are auditors and of the secret agonies of whose griefs their pillows are the only confidants.

And while thus between hammer and anvil, her soul, in the intervals that seem so flat between scenes of extravagant gaiety, cries out in anguish against the golden sorrow of her life. What is the outcome of the hysterical flutterings and romantic exaltations that occupy hours better passed in a repose which dissipation renders needful? That a girl marries, not the man of her choice who never proposes, or her ideal whom she never meets; but the man who asks her, and who is probably the man who feels that he has the favor of her parents to back him; and thus she takes, doubtless the most sensible way out of a difficulty of which the alternative would be a long waiting in the house of her parents, ending, likely, enough, in the weary lingering of an old maids existence.

And while we submit that in these days when romantic marriages are not frequent, the matches that do occur, where the contracting parties are suited as to position and the union is every way convenient, are not necessarily unhappy. We must nevertheless confess that we sympathize with the rebellion of high couraged damsels against being forced ruthlessly into marriage without having time for selection, or with a man of whom they really know little, except that he is "eligible" from a wordly point of view, and agree that very often

When matrimonial duty's to be done
A young lady's life is not a happy one.

Yet we cannot help reflecting, and offering this crumb of comfort where a marriage de convenience has turned out not exactly what might be desired; that many a love match, after the romance and the honeymoon are together by-gones, has proved a vastly more disastrous undertaking and one in which the ill-judged precipitancy of the lovers has been very cruelly visited upon their children. And, believing as we do that the chief of woman's rights lies in the wise government of her household, and the highest duties she can perform those of true wife and noble mother. Shall she not rather strive to do her best in her vocation than live through that play of Hamlet without Hamlet, the loveless, dutiless life of an old maid.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Sultan of Turkey is seriously ill.

THE American horse Foxhall, won the Grand Prix.

THE Irish authorities have discovered a plot to kill Mr. Forster.

THE Emperor of China is reported to be seriously ill.

A DUBLIN despatch reports serious outrages in King's county;

LORILLARD'S Iroquois won the Prince of Wales stakes at Ascot.

TROUBLE is brewing between Turkey and Austria on the railway question.

DURBAN despatches report sharp fighting between the soldiers and the Dutch.

AN Italian exploring party has been massacred in the interior of Africa.

WHOLE tribes are rising in Algeria, and the situation there is described as critical.

THE General Secretary of the Irish Land League has been arrested in Dublin under the Coercion Act.

TWELVE vessels are fast in the ice in the Gulf of Bothnia, and two others have foundered.

HARTMANN, the nihilist, has been arrested in Germany and surrendered to the Russian authorities.

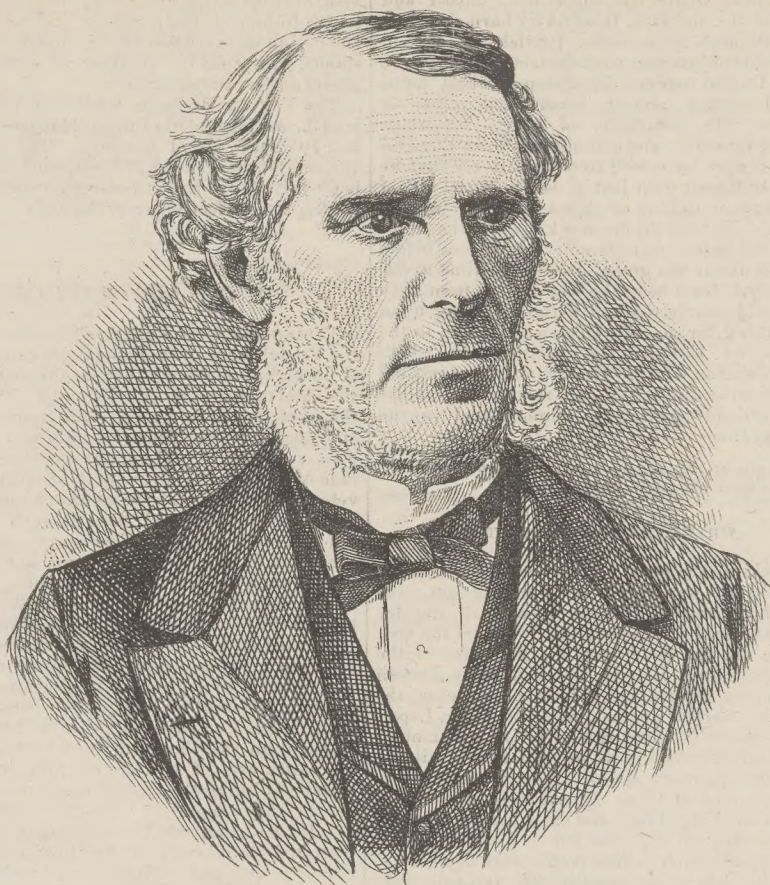
AN attempt to rescue the prisoners who attempted to blow up Liverpool Town Hall was frustrated.

THE American dory Western, which crossed the Atlantic last summer, has left on the return voyage.

CANADIAN merchants in London purpose raising a relief fund for the sufferers by the recent fire in Quebec.

THE LATE JOSEPH MACKAY.

On the 2nd inst., at his residence, Kildonan Hall, passed away one of Montreal's most systematic, though unostentatious benefactors, who, in a long life spent amongst us, had earned the title of honour and respect, which he carries with him to his grave. His death, which had been for some time looked for, was due to a severe cold which he was unable to shake off, and to which he finally succumbed, after a life of seventy years, fifty of which were spent in his adopted country. Mr. Mackay was born at Kildonan, Sutherlandshire, in 1811. He arrived in Canada about fifty years ago, and settled in Montreal, where he at once applied himself with the greatest energy to commercial pursuits. His entire career has been one of steady success. As the founder of the wholesale dry-goods firm of Joseph Mackay & Brother he became well known throughout the whole of the Dominion. As a merchant his name became a synonym for honest, upright dealing, and he was regarded as a man of unimpeachable character, and a representative of the highest form of commercial morality. Whilst thus noted as a merchant, it will be through his many benefactions, and the interest he took in educational and charitable matters, that Mr. Mackay's name will be longest and most tenderly remembered. He was the founder of the Mackay Deaf and Dumb Institution, and one of the originators of the Presbyterian College, two establishments which have done, and are doing, much practical and lasting good, and of which the citizens of Montreal are justly proud. He was a governor and prime supporter of the General Hospital since it was started, and to the Home of Industry and Re-



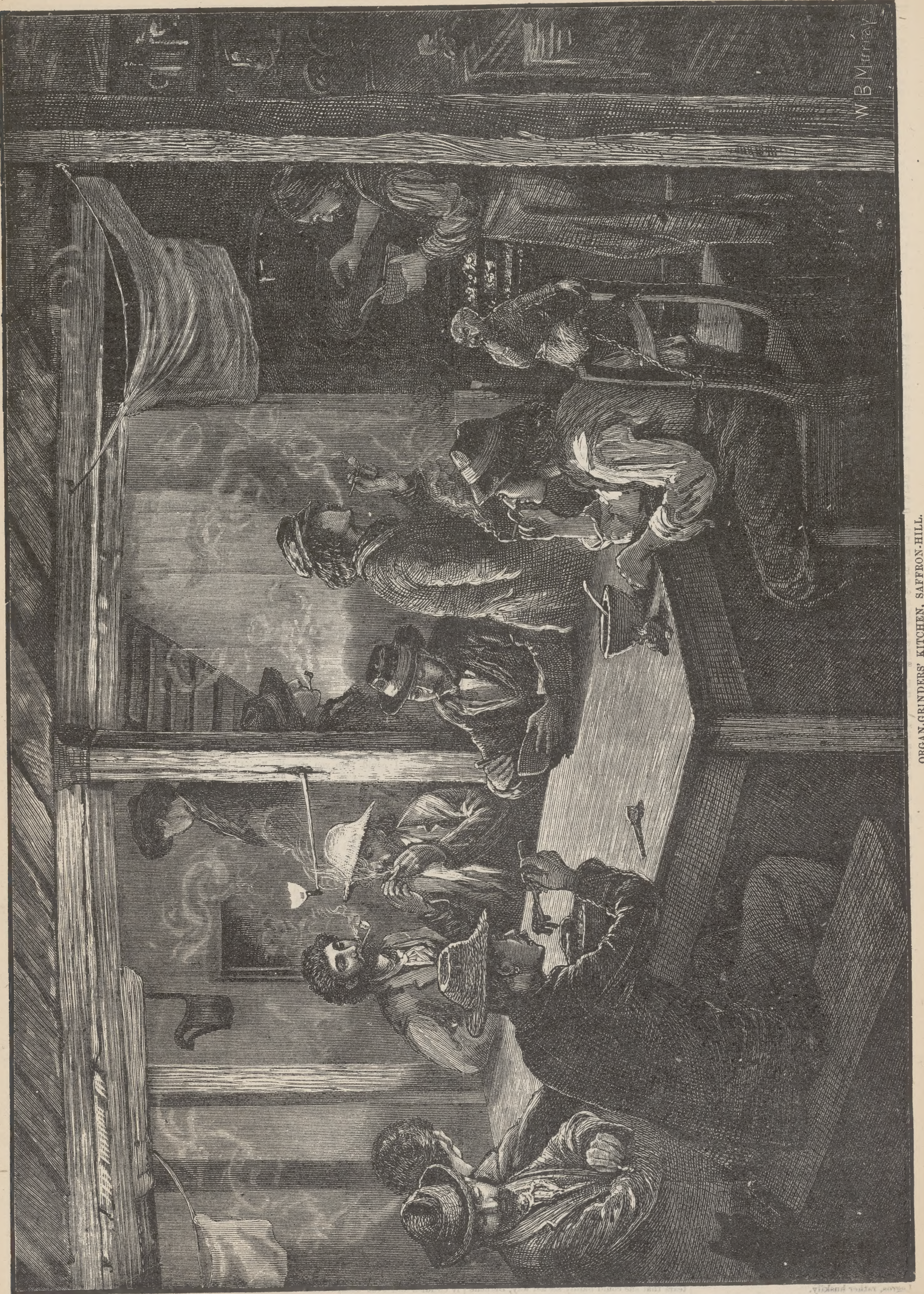
THE LATE JOSEPH MACKAY.

fuge he was a constant and liberal giver. Indeed, there is scarcely a charity or religious institution in Montreal which he has not aided through his benevolence at one time or another. But his charities were not confined to local matters. Church missions at home and abroad were liberally aided by him, and in the mission work of the Presbyterian Church in the North-West Territory he took a deep interest. He was a member of the Crescent street Presbyterian Church, and when his health permitted he was regularly in his pew at the church services. Take him for all in all Joseph Mackay was a man of a warm heart, a fine taste, and thorough Scottish character. He passed through the world doing good in many ways, and as his generous impulses directed. His death will long be deeply regretted by all those who were honored by his friendship, or assisted by his kindly and always timely benevolence.

Amongst many tributes to his memory, the Governors of the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf Mutes at their last meeting adopted a resolution, of which the following is a synopsis: "That the Governors desire to express gratitude to God for having in Mr. Mackay raised up so great a benefactor. On behalf of the afflicted they express their deep regret and sorrow at the loss they have sustained, and they offer their warm and respectful sympathy and condolence to the members of Mr. Mackay's family." This is only one of the many flattering notices with which the citizens of Montreal have endeavoured to show their respect for the memory of an esteemed citizen and their sympathy with the bereaved family.



THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.



W. B. Murray

ORGAN-GRINDERS' KITCHEN, SAFFRON-HILL.

MY WINDOW-IVY.

Over my window the ivy climbs,
Its roots are in homely jars;
But all day long it looks at the sun,
And all night it looks at the stars.

The dust of the room may dim its green,
But I call the breezy air:
"Come in, come in, good friend of mine!
And make my window fair."

So the ivy thrives from morn till morn,
Its leaves all turned to the light;
And it gladdens my soul with its tender green,
And teaches me day and night.

What though my lot is in lowly place,
And my spirit behind the bars;
All the long day I may look at the sun,
And at night look out at the stars.

What though the dust of earth would dim?
There's a glorious outer air
That will sweep through my soul if I let it in,
And make it fresh and fair.

Dear God! let me grow from day to day
Clinging and sunny and bright!
Though planted in shade, thy window is near,
And my leaves may turn to the light.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

A FRENCH SPECULATION.

III.

The houses sprang up—a faint smell of fresh-painted *jalousies* filled the air—the sea and sky grew blue—all the golden gorse bloomed, pale and died—the time of lilacs passed—and two dim Judas-trees which adorned the Casino gardens burst into their leafless flower. The season ought to be beginning soon. Monsieur Legros worked harder than ever. Morning, noon, and night he was out in pursuit of his workmen. One day a tenant arrived in the shape of a weary, old, grey-headed man. He rented one room, *au-cinquième*, of the small *pension* which was just finished, and wrote up a modest little placard, announcing himself as a music-master. "It is well to be first in the field," he said to Blanche, "in a great future success like St. Didier." And Monsieur Léon was added to the prospectuses as a famous singing and music master.

Then the moment came when the hot summer rush takes place from towns to the seaside,—Dieppe, Dinard, and Etretat, began to fill rapidly. Every day the St. Didier omnibuses went to meet the trains—every day Madame Berthe and Blanche stood with beating hearts to watch them come in. Often they told each other that the carriages were full—quite full; and then it would turn out that it was a picnic party from the town, or tourists who would sleep one night at the hotel.

One day Monsieur Legros said suddenly to his wife, "I suppose, in writing home to your father, you have told him all about our circumstances?"

"No, never, Camille," she answered. "I have kept your secrets. I knew that these things are important in the commerce."

Monsieur Legros bent down and kissed her. "Then do this more for me, *m'amie*," he said. "Write to him; paint the whole thing in the brightest colours. I do not want you to say more than the truth, of course—but tell him the promise of it all; that I am said to be the best of landlords—that the place is getting on and becoming known."

"I have told him of our hopes, Camille; why should you wish me to say more?"

Monsieur Legros hesitated a moment, then he gave a little impatient stamp.

"For a *bourgeoise* you are wonderfully dull, *m'amie*. Do you not perceive that I want him to invest some portion of your future fortune in this manner?"

"Ah! but I fear that I could not advise him to do that," said Blanche, gravely. Her husband scowled at her, and she shrank away trembling. A few moments after she saw Madame Berthe catch hold of his arm with her claw-like hands and ask in a hard whisper—"but what did she say? will she do it?"

"Not to save me from prison," he answered bitterly, and her very heart ached as she heard the words.

The days passed on, and though the season had come, the gay world had not yet appeared. Everything bore a prosperous look; all the men were paid to the day; the further extravagant demands of the American lady were acceded to without a murmur; the English church was completed;—but no one as yet came to stay.

One day receiving a packet of her husband's letters from the postman, Blanche found one directed to herself. It was not a very common occurrence; her parents wrote very rarely, and her old school-friends were capricious correspondents. She turned the letter over and over again in her hands, wondering from whom it could be. Monsieur Legros caught sight of the handwriting as she did so, and started.

"Who has been writing to you, Blanche?" he said quickly.

"I do not know—I was wondering."

"Perhaps you had better give me the letter," he said quickly. Then seeing her look of astonishment, he added—"No, no; read it yourself."

She opened her letter and read; presently she looked up with a little cry.

"Camille," she said, "Jean writes to tell me that his uncle, the great *épicière* at Nantes, has died and left him a fortune of 5,000 francs a year. Ah, but that is good news!"

"Does he say any more?" asked Monsieur Legros, rather huskily.

"Yes, yes, I have not finished yet," and she

went on reading. Suddenly the colour forsook her face, leaving it ashy pale, and she looked up suddenly. "Camille, you knew this; and you have asked this poor boy for his money."

"I have advised him as to its investment, certainly."

"This must be stopped," cried Blanche. "He must not be ruined; he, an orphan!"

"You do not know what you are talking about, madame," shrieked Madame Berthe, suddenly joining in the conversation.

Blanche rose to her feet; there was a dignity in her graceful figure they had not seen before; swept her hand past showing the rows of houses: "See," she said sadly, "are they not all empty?"

"Yes, and empty they will remain as long as you conspire to ruin us," cried Madame Berthe, nodding her head up and down. Blanche turned piteously to her husband, but in his face was no sign of relenting; he looked dark and sullen.

"You will not ruin this poor little Jean?" she said.

"What do you wish?" he cried suddenly. "I have no power in the matter; I merely told him how in five years he can make 50 per cent on his money. If he choose to accept it, so be it; it is no affair of mine."

"It must be stopped."

"Who will stop it?" cried Legros, fiercely.

"I will." And poor Blanche could bear no more, but sank back in her chair white and gasping. Camille Legros was livid with rage, but he controlled himself with some difficulty, and did not speak. Madame Berthe, unhindered by her son, poured out a torrent of abuse and violent language. In vain Blanche turned her pathetic eyes from her angry mother-in-law to her husband, he offered her no protection, and after a moment or two he grew tired of the shrill voice and strode away.

Presently Madame Berthe changed her tone, and this was even more difficult to bear. "You will not ruin your husband, *ma petite bru*?" she whined. "He works so hard and hopes so much, and now all is ready, the great work is nearly accomplished, and only a little money—a very little money—wanted to keep all afloat till the tenants come; and it is a certainty—do you not see it is a certainty of success; there can be no doubt whatever about it. You whom he loves so much, and whom he took without one penny in your pocket, surely you will not turn against him?"

"But see," cried poor Blanche in despair; "why do you say all this to me? Have I not as much interest in St. Didier as yourself? Would not your ruin be my ruin also? But I must think of Jean—the poor little Jean who has neither father nor mother to care for him, and who has always been as a child to the 'Pie Blanche'."

"But when Camille himself tells you that he will guarantee him eight per cent."

"Alas! alas!" sighed Blanche.

"Then you will not hinder him?" persisted Madame Berthe.

"I must! I must!"

She broke away from her mother-in-law and went away, out—anywhere out of the house, she thought, as she went down the steep steps down the face of the cliff to the sea. It was a wild, gusty day; the wind nearly blew her off her feet, and sand filled her eyes and mouth.

"Life is not very happy," thought poor Blanche. She hated the sea with an unacknowledged hatred—the bustle and fuss of it—the constant changes. She was not accustomed to them, and they had no charms to the little *bourgeoise* who had hitherto spent so calm and monotonous a life.

Presently she found a sheltered spot, a sort of cave hollowed out of the rock. She was out of the wind here, and she sat down and smoothed her hair and recovered her breath. The whole conversation she had gone through was most painfully distinct upon her memory. She clasped her hands before her eyes and prayed that she might have strength to do what was right—that she might not shrink from her duty, however painful it might be to her. She must write to Jean and warn him of the difficulties St. Didier was contending with—of how likely it was that a great *faillite* was at hand. She knew that she could trust her cousin, and that he would not betray her secret to any one. Then she rose up and went home comforted.

Blanche had no wish to write secretly, or to do anything underhand, but her task was more difficult than she had anticipated. Madame Berthe set herself as a sort of spy upon all her actions; she never left her for a moment except when Legros was at home, and Blanche knew that Rosalie had orders to stop any letter she might write.

She grew pale and thin from constant anxiety, and her sleep was broken and feverish. At last she contrived to write her letter unseen, and now came the difficulty of posting it. She adopted at last the simplest mode of all. Walking home from church on her husband's arm, she quietly posted it in the letter-box.

"What letter is that?" he cried suddenly.

"My letter to Jean," almost whispered Blanche, in great terror. He almost threw her off his arm and walked off alone. Poor little Blanche stood for a moment dizzy and agitated. This seemed like an insult before the whole congregation. The peasant-women passing nudged each other, and one or two rude boys giggled and whispered.

With burning cheeks, and eyes so full of hot tears that she could hardly see her way, Blanche went slowly home.

During the next two days her husband hardly spoke to her; and she had a sense of guiltiness towards him that she could not throw off, and that was intensely painful.

About a week later Blanche received an answer from her cousin. When her husband took the letter from among his own, her heart beat so fast that she hardly knew how to bear it. He handed it to her without a word, and she could hardly summon up courage enough to open it.

Legros watched her from under his eyebrows; but he could make nothing out from her countenance, for he did not understand its varying expression. At last she started up and handed him the letter. She stood beside him with glistening eyes and clasped hands, saying eagerly, "Oh, I am so glad—so glad!"

He read it slowly: "My dear Blanche,—I am infinitely touched by the goodness of your letter to me, and of the frank warning you give me against insecure investment of my little fortune; but in this matter I must have my own way, in spite of the worldly wisdom of your advice—for which I thank you with my whole heart. Of course I realize the risk; but sometimes some thousands of francs just at the right moment will turn the scale and save the whole affair. I have an impression that this will be the case at St. Didier, and that before many years are past we shall all be millionaires. Present my compliments to your good husband, &c."

This was the letter. When he had read it, Legros put his arm round Blanche and kissed her. Madame Berthe was less forgiving.

"Ah, ah!" she muttered; "so you did not quite succeed in your little calumnies after all, *ma bru*."

Preparations for the tenants who were not forthcoming continued even more actively than before. Legros became almost reckless in the additions he made to the comfort of each house: curtains and sofas and chairs arrived from Paris; clocks and ornaments.

One morning the American lady was discovered to have gone—disappeared in the night; and nothing more was heard either of herself or her year's rent. Still Monsieur Legros was as sanguine as ever; but as the summer months wore on, his head became plentifully streaked with grey.

Monsieur Léon stayed on. How he kept body and soul together, perhaps Blanche could have told better than any one else; but his little rent was paid punctually to the day, and he threw himself headlong into the scheme: "It is always well to be first in the field in a grand new 'enterprise,'" he repeated with almost as much belief in St. Didier as ever. When all hopes of letting for the bathing season was over, Legros let freely to a strange set of people, without care or precaution, without regard to character or even appearances. The little town soon swarmed with questionable Parisians, who enjoyed themselves beyond measure, and paid only a nominal rent.

"It is intolerable," grumbled Madame Berthe. "But at all events they air the new houses."

It was a great relief to Blanche when they went away, and all the shutters were put up, and the winter drew near again.

"I wish I could help you, Camille," said she, wistfully, one day, putting her hand timidly on his arm.

"I think it must be for want of a theatre!" he cried. "I will build one."

"Oh no, no! not yet." Have a little patience."

"You always try to restrain me," he said, rather fretfully. "Don't you see that one must do one's utmost now? and we have no middle course—we must sink or swim." And the theatre was talked of, and planned out roughly that very night.

Camille began to suffer both in body and mind from the long-continued strain of anxiety and disappointment, and the winter set in. New prospectuses were sent out, the houses were offered at the most tempting prices for the winter. The prices tempted one or two very poor families with many children; but when their term was up, the damage that had to be repaired encroached much on the small rent.

But with spring, courage came back, and even Blanche herself seemed to arouse suddenly.

"You will let me help you this year, *mon ami*," she said, eagerly.

"I do not see what you can do," was the gloomy answer.

"I will do my best," she said, gaily. "But first of all, may I take a journey all by myself?"

"By yourself?"

"Of course I shall take a *bonne* with me."

"She can have Rosalie of course," said Madame Berthe, to whom Blanche had confided her little scheme, which was a very slender one indeed; namely, to go to Tours, and dine two or three times at the *table d'hôte* among the many English—to travel perhaps a little from one town to another, and try to draw attention, already turning to the seaside, towards St. Didier. It was a chance. Blanche reckoned on her powers of description, and on the certainty that, if she could only get the people to come, they would stay. Madame Berthe reckoned on her daughter-in-law's beauty and winning manner, though she did not say so; and she also felt certain that to see St. Didier was all that was necessary.

To Legros naturally the plan appeared entirely childish and even absurd—this was not the way business should be carried on; however, he

good-naturedly yielded to their wishes, only stipulating that Madame Berthe should accompany Blanche instead of Rosalie. The poor old woman prepared with many groans; she had taken but one journey within her life, the memorable one that had brought her to St. Didier, and she felt low and unhappy at the prospect of starting afresh. However, her devotion to her son's cause would have carried her through the mysteries of Isis even, so she made her preparations with praiseworthy courage.

"Tell me, Camille," said Blanche, just on the eve of starting—"tell me the sort of tenants you want."

"Look!" said Monsieur Legros, pointing through the window from one house to another. "In that blue house I want a *père de famille*; he may have from four to eight children, who require education. In the pink house, *les Rosiers*, I want a lady and two daughters. That house with the arcade is a *châlet de garçon*; the smoking-room is perfect. I want educating families especially. There," he said, exultantly,—"that villa is just the one for a young *ménage*."

"I see," said Blanche, eagerly. "But I hope for most success among the large families."

"And those are the best of all," answered her husband. "But of all others a Scotch family is the best; for I hear that when they settle, many of their friends, uncles, cousins, and other relations come and settle round them."

Blanche and Madame Berthe went away with their minds full of large Scotch families.

IV.

Madame Berthe and Blanche arrived at Nantes, their first destination, on the 28th of May; the evening before the *Fête Dieu*. They had taken a room in one of the best hotels, and found to their great delight that it was full of foreigners, all crowded there to see the famous *fête*.

Table d'hôte was at six o'clock. Now that the moment had come, Blanche was very much frightened, and clung to Madame Berthe's arm, who, very tremulous herself, managed to say sharp things in an under-tone, as they went in. Blanche found herself seated by a young girl, almost as shy as herself, and unmistakably English. In spite of many sharp little pinches from her mother-in-law, she could not make up her mind to begin the conversation until the soup was done; then she asked the young lady very timidly whether she liked France. The answer, in very broken French, was bright and cheery; and the blue eyes of the English girl, Meta Brownlow, looked so sweet and sunny that they soon became quite friendly, discussing different places, and making comparisons. Blanche found that her new acquaintance was anxious to understand all about the *fête* on the morrow, so as to enjoy it thoroughly; and it ended in an engagement to meet the English family at the cathedral at high mass the following morning.

The *Fête Dieu* at Nantes is supposed to be the most beautiful in France. The English travellers were full of admiration as they emerged into the *Place* in front of the cathedral just in time to see the great procession leave the east door. The whole thing formed one of those brilliant pictures which remain in the memory for years; the streets and houses all draped with white, scarlet and blue, the draperies covered with hanging wreaths; triumphal arches overhead, from which hung baskets of lovely flowers; the whole streets strewn thickly with rushes; then the gorgeous procession itself filing solemnly out from the dark background of the dim old church; hundreds of little white and scarlet boys with stiff quaint rose-wreaths on their heads; girls in white, with long white floating veils; the gleaming of military pomp, and a fine clash of martial music as the regiment slowly passed; then women in white again, and long lines of monks with bare feet and heads and brown rough habits; then the acolytes in gorgeous dalmatics of cloth-of-gold, carrying banners; crosses, shrines—gold, crimson, purple—the brilliant colouring growing more vivid,—till suddenly the bells all rolled out with a crashing sound. Like one man, every one in the vast crowd sank on their knees; twenty choir-boys in scarlet and white stood facing the great door, swinging incense in silver censers, their long chains flashing in the sun; then the chanting began, and out into the light came swaying the huge gold and silver canopy, and the Host, carried by the bishop, passed slowly amidst the prostrate crowd.

Blanche rose from her knees. "It was beautiful, was it not?" she cried, eagerly. She was almost breathless with the admiration and excitement she felt. The blue cloudless sky, the masses of roses, honeysuckle, and white pinks, the great red peonies, all added brilliance and sweet fragrance to the scene, and the thin blue clouds of incense dispersed very slowly in the clear air.

Blanche had won her way completely with the English family, who were delighted with all they saw and heard; but not till evening did she venture to broach the subject that lay so near her heart. Then when again seated at *table d'hôte* she began to talk about St. Didier. She heard, with a throb of her heart that was almost painful, that the Brownlows were thinking of spending the summer months at Dieppe. "If you would only try St. Didier," she said, wistfully. "It would be something quite new

for you; and there is such a good professor there if you want music and singing."

Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow talked it over that evening. They had been at Dieppe two years running, and were quite prepared to like the prospect of a change. They talked it over also with an old Scotch lady, a Miss Macdonald, who was present with a very delicate niece. They were all sociable people, and they made a plan to go together to St. Didier at the end of the week, to see whether they liked it.

Blanche threw herself into Madame Berthe's arms that night, and said, "I knew it would be so! I knew it! I prayed so hard at the 'Grande Messe' this morning."

"Do not hope too much," said the old woman in her grumbling voice; "remember how many people came and looked at St. Didier and went away again."

"Ah! but they will not this time," said Blanche, hopefully; "I have prayed too much."

There was something in the sweet bright faith that shone in Blanche's lovely eyes that checked Madame Berthe, and she did not give vent to the peevish doubt which arose in her mind.

The next morning they left Nantes determining to return to St. Didier in time to prepare for the appearance of their new acquaintances. There were many English at Tours, and Blanche managed to talk of St. Didier to two people: one an old gentleman who was not at all likely to want sea-bathing; the other a French lady, who drank in her description of the place eagerly, and questioned her methodically as to prices, advantages, and terms of leases, ending by promising to come and see the place by the end of the month.

The old gentleman, Dr. Price, shook his head, and laughed a little over Blanche's description of the good bathing. She had repeated her little story till she almost knew it by heart, making no secret of her own deep interest in the success of the place. She told every one that it was all new, quite new; that, in fact, that was one of its advantages. After that Blanche and Madame Berthe returned home.

Monsieur Legros heard all they had to tell with great interest; he gave Blanche *carte blanche* to promise all they asked for, to the expected visitors, if only they would come and take the houses.

On one fine Thursday evening they arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow and Miss Macdonald; they had left all the young people behind, being very doubtful as to St. Didier.

"It is probably a wild-goose chase," said Mr. Brownlow, as they drove up to the hotel. "But that little woman was quite irresistible."

"How wonderfully sweet and fresh the air is!" answered his wife. "I long to get down on to those beautiful sands."

The next morning was beautiful, the sky cloudless, the sea almost purple, bounded by the band of snow-white foam which outlined the grand rocks; the pink and blue and green houses looked gay and sunshiny; and Blanche, looking very dainty and pretty, did the honours of the houses one after another. They looked at so many that her large eyes began to look wistful and startled. Was it to be a failure after all?

That day passed and the night came. Nothing was said. The difficulty was Miss Macdonald, who could not make up her mind as to the exposed situation of the place being good for her invalid niece.

The omnibus that evening brought a new visitor to the hotel, Dr. Price himself. He merely ordered his portmanteau to be taken in, and immediately walked off down to the sands. The whole party met at *table d'hôte*, and Miss Macdonald was seated next to the Doctor.

In answer to her hesitating question of what he thought of the place, his answer was enthusiastic.

"Why, ma'am, it fulfils every sanitary condition! The right aspect—everything! I do not see what any one could wish for more."

After another long consultation two notes were despatched to Monsieur Legros by Mr. Brownlow and Miss Macdonald.

Blanche watched her husband as he read them, and read the answer in his face.

"We have begun at last," he said, and for a moment covered his face with his hands.

"It is all right?" she whispered, for her voice seemed to go.

"It is all right; they wish to take the blue house, and the English Miss Macdonald 'les Rosiers.'"

The next morning Dr. Price called on Monsieur Legros and engaged the little house with the arcades, not for the summer, but for a year. He then asked for the refusal of two or three other houses pending letters from England.

"I have long been looking for just such a place as this for my patients," he said, pompously.

In a few weeks St. Didier was all alive. The Scotch tradition proved true: a large family of brothers and sisters followed Miss Macdonald; they brought friends of their own; the place began to be talked about. Dr. Price proved to be the most important fish that the net of Blanche's charms had landed. He was a physician of considerable eminence, who, having made his fortune, had retired into private life, reserving to himself only a certain number of favourite patients. He seized upon St. Didier and at once made it his hobby. He recommended it, he superintended the drainage, he caused baths—douche, hot salt baths, and other invalid luxuries—to be established; he

established himself there; and before another year was over, Monsieur Legros had not a single house or apartment unlet on his hands.

Then, and not till then, did Monsieur and Madame Benoit come to St. Didier, accompanied by Jean—Jean, who had outgrown his first love, and who had now a moustache. He was prepared to ignore the sentiment which had made him persevere in his speculation in St. Didier, and was proud of boasting that he had had the foresight to see what would really come of it.

Madame Berthe continued to be very cross, but never to Blanche now.

"Of all my Camille's speculations, thou hast turned out best," she said at once to her daughter-in-law; and there was little doubt that Legros thought so also.

They stood together one day looking down on the little crowd assembled listening to a band, all gay, bright, and *riant*, and Blanche pressed her husband's hand.

"It is a great success, *mon ami*, is it not?" she said. "And for success one must thank God."

"I will; I do," he answered, earnestly. Legros was a kinder and a better man for the success of his great speculation.

THE END.

A SIMPLE "CULLUD" MAN.

"I has come to you for some advice, Kurnel, as I don't know nuffin' about pollytics," said an old coloured man to a candidate for Congress; "we ain't fit nohow to mix up in pollytics."

"Why, uncle Mose, I look upon you as one of the most intelligent of your race! I can learn from you."

The old man shook his head deprecatingly, and, producing a nickel, asked,

"Kurnel, how much am a nickel wuff?"

"Ha, ha, ha—very good! I have always said there is mere genuine humour in the African race than in any other."

"But, serious, boss, how much is it wuff?"

"Five cents."

"Jess 'zamine dat ar' coin, boss, and lemme know hits cash value."

The candidate took the coin, examined it, and returned it with the remark that it was not worth anything, as it was a bad nickel.

"But s'posin' I controls fifty votes ob de risin' sons ob liberty?"

"A most worthy organization."

"And s'posin' I was to tell dem voters dat a prominent candidate had cheated dis old niggah?"

"Who was it?" asked the candidate breathlessly.

"Nebber mind, boss; I's hunting for information now. S'posin' I was to tell 'em one ob de candidates had gub me dat lead nickel?"

The candidate looked worried, and again asked the name of the fiendish candidate.

"You art de man! You gub me dat ar' nickel in de change for whitewashin' yore fence. I has done work for all de udder four candidates, and you is de only one who has taken advantage ob de ignorance and simplicity ob de culled race. De secret has been confined to my own breast, but hit am strugglin' foah freedom. Boss, how much did I hear you say dis lead nickel ham wuff in a close election like dis heah one is gwine to be?"

The Caucasian statesman rested his massive brow on his hand and thought, and thought, and thought.

"Hit's getting late, and dar am a bizness meetin' ob de risin' sons dis evening."

The statesman wrote in a bold round hand "Fifty dollars" on a blotting pad, and pushed it across the table.

The old man took the pencil and changed the fifty dollars into one hundred dollars.

"They will not support any other candidate?"

"Does I look like a deceptive unreliable niggah? Does I look like a fictitious culled man? De risin' sons will rally 'round yer like yer was a demijohn."

The money was paid over, the candidate remarking, "This is my contribution towards establishing a school in your ward. I want to see the coloured man more intelligent, I do."

"I hope dar am no moah lead nickels in dis money."

"I hope so too."

"We needs schools powerful bad, bekase we is ignorant and liable to be tuck in by designin' bad men."

"But, now, give me that nickel."

"Heah it am. I ain't got no moah use foah it. You is de las' candidate I have been to see wid dat ar' nickel. I have don clared more den three hundred dollars wid dat nickel. All de udder tree candidates has done paid up dar assessments, heah, heah!"—and the old scoundrel went off into one of his indescribable guffaws.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

Do not take such vile trash as cheap Whiskey Bitters and stimulants that only pander to a depraved appetite. Buadock Blood Bitters is a pure vegetable medicine, not a drink. It cleanses the blood and builds up the system. Sample bottles 10 cents.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MATERIALS OF SERMONS.—Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light. The faithful minister avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go further than his antidote.—*Fuller*.

THE TWO WAYS.—When we pick a person to pieces, expose his follies, criticise his manners, question his motives, and condemn his actions, we are making, not the best, but the worst of him. If, on the contrary, we search for his good points and bring them to the front, if we make all allowance for his faults and errors and withdraw them as much as possible from the notice of others, we are making the best of him, both in appearance and reality. In shielding his reputation we are preserving for him the respect of others, which goes far towards promoting his own self-respect.

POPULAR PHRASES MISUNDERSTOOD.—"Honesty is the best policy" may be mentioned as a saying which is often wrongly interpreted. Of course, really honest people are not likely to put any but the true construction upon that phrase, which means, "Honesty is best, because it is right," but it is that the incentive which actuates the classes whose ideas are rather hazy on the subject of "mine and thine?" I fear not. For instance, a ragged urchin picks up a purse containing money; he knows that should he discover the owner he will most likely be rewarded, and he also knows that, in the event of his keeping the purse, he would almost certainly be detected and punished; he is aware of the penalty and prefers not to run the risk; so that the "best policy," according to his idea, is not the reward of a good conscience, but the prospect of a bit of silver as a recompense for his self-denial in not keeping what does not belong to him! It would be well if parents and teachers would inculcate the true meaning of this saying, and others of the same kind.—*Tinsleys' Magazine*.

CHANGING THEIR BASE.—The legend runs that the fine Norman Church of Godshill, in the Isle of Wight, was to have been built in the valley, but the builders every morning found the previous day's work had been destroyed during the night and the stones carried to the top of the hill. Considering this a Divine indication where the holy structure was to be built, they accordingly reared it on that prominent site, where for miles round it still forms a graceful and beautiful object. A similar legend is related with reference to the Church of Ste. Marie du Castel, in Guernsey, where it is currently reported that fairies were the agents, while others assert it was the work of angels. Indeed it would appear that in days gone by the invisible beings, of whatever nature they were, who, according to tradition, so often interfered in the building of some sacred edifice, generally selected for its site the most inconvenient spot, and not infrequently a steep hill. The Church of Breedon, in Leicestershire, for instance, stands on a high hill, with the village at its foot. Tradition, however, says that when the site of the church was first fixed upon, a central spot in the village was chosen. The foundations were not only dug, but the builders commenced the fabric. It was to no purpose; for all they built in the course of the day was carried away by doves during the night-time, and skilfully built exactly in the same manner on the hill where the church stands. Both founder and workmen, awed and terrified by this extraordinary procedure, were afraid to build the church on its original site, and agreed to finish the one begun by the doves.—*Chamber's Journal*.

VARIETIES.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN LECTURER advertises herself as a "child of nature, wearing the unmistakable crown of genius, and doing her share in the ever-appointed work of genius, the work of 'making the whole world kin.' She brings with her the electricity of the North—the brilliancy of the aurora-borealis—and all who meet her are magnetized."

ANECDOTE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.—An interesting anecdote of Lord Beaconsfield when quite a young man has recently been given to the world, by one who knew him. Lord Lytton (then Edward Bulwer) entertained at dinner four gentlemen, who afterwards became distinguished—viz., Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Alexander Cockburn (Lord Chief Justice, lately deceased), Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield), and Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling). None of them were then personally acquainted with Disraeli, who came late; and a strange appearance he made. He was then a far more athletic figure than you imagine him, perhaps; he appeared in a daring coat of bright colour, a yellow waistcoat, green velvet trousers, and low shoes with silver buckles. The impression he made was not favourable. They sat down to dinner, and every man talked his best, and there was such a bright rattle of conversation as you may suppose. "We were all in good cue, all emulous, and all well satisfied with ourselves, depend on it. There was not one among us who had not plenty of confidence in himself at all times, and more than a hope of future greatness; and yet if when we separated we had each been taken aside and put upon our honour to say who was the cleverest man in the party, every one of us would have answered, 'The man in the green velvet trousers.'"

OVERWORK OF YOUNG BRAINS.—A great deal of nonsense has been said and written about the "overwork" of mature brains, and there are grounds for believing that an excuse has been sought for idleness or indulgence in a valetudinarian habit, in the popular outcry on this subject which awhile ago attracted much attention. But according to the testimony of the most eminent physiologists there can be no room to question the extreme peril of "overwork" to growing children and youths with undeveloped brains. The excessive use of an immature organ arrests its development by diverting the energy which should be appropriated to its growth and consuming it in work. What happens to horses which are allowed to run races too early happens to boys and girls who are overworked at school. The competitive system as applied to youths has produced a most ruinous effect on the mental constitution which this generation has to hand down to the next, and particularly the next but one ensuing. School work should be purely and exclusively directed to development. "Cramming" the young for examination purposes is like compelling an infant in arms to sit up before the muscles of its back are strong enough to support it in the upright position, or to sustain the weight of its body on its legs by standing while as yet the limbs are unable to bear the burden imposed on them. A crooked spine or weak or contorted legs is the inevitable penalty of such folly.

It has been widely stated that the world was to end this year, but according to latest American advices the event is postponed until 1888. "It is not much," the calculator, who lives in Brooklyn, U.S.A., observed to a reporter, "but it is something." Of course the reporter asked how the sum was worked out, and intimated that 1881 was a more mystic sort of date as it not only read backward and forward the same, which no year will do again till 1991, but absolutely bristled with nines which ever way you took it. But the mathematician did not accept the conclusion. He had, he protested, constructed a view of the end of the world which fixes things satisfactorily up to 1888. In the first place the Millennium begins in the year 6000 A.M. "But why does—," the reporter began to inquire, to be interrupted, however, by the theorist, who said, "That has been well established," in a tone which induced his interlocutor to reply, "Oh, yes, of course. Certainly." A chronological table was then unfolded, and a not altogether unknown collection of dates were added together. There were 1,656 years to the flood, the reign of Saul was added in, as also the reigns of Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes. Why those were chosen and others omitted the inquirer could not exactly make out, but his instructor was satisfied. The figures, when all had been put down, amounted to a total of 4,112, which, with the present year of grace, 1881, makes 5,993, just seven short of the 6,000. Only one deduction, the mathematician proudly explained, was possible. A.D. 1888 equals A.M. 6000. Q.E.D. There was nothing for it but to admit that, supposing all the figures were put down for a sufficient reason, the arithmetic was unimpeachable. The prophet was happy, but the reporter is still a little uncertain.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

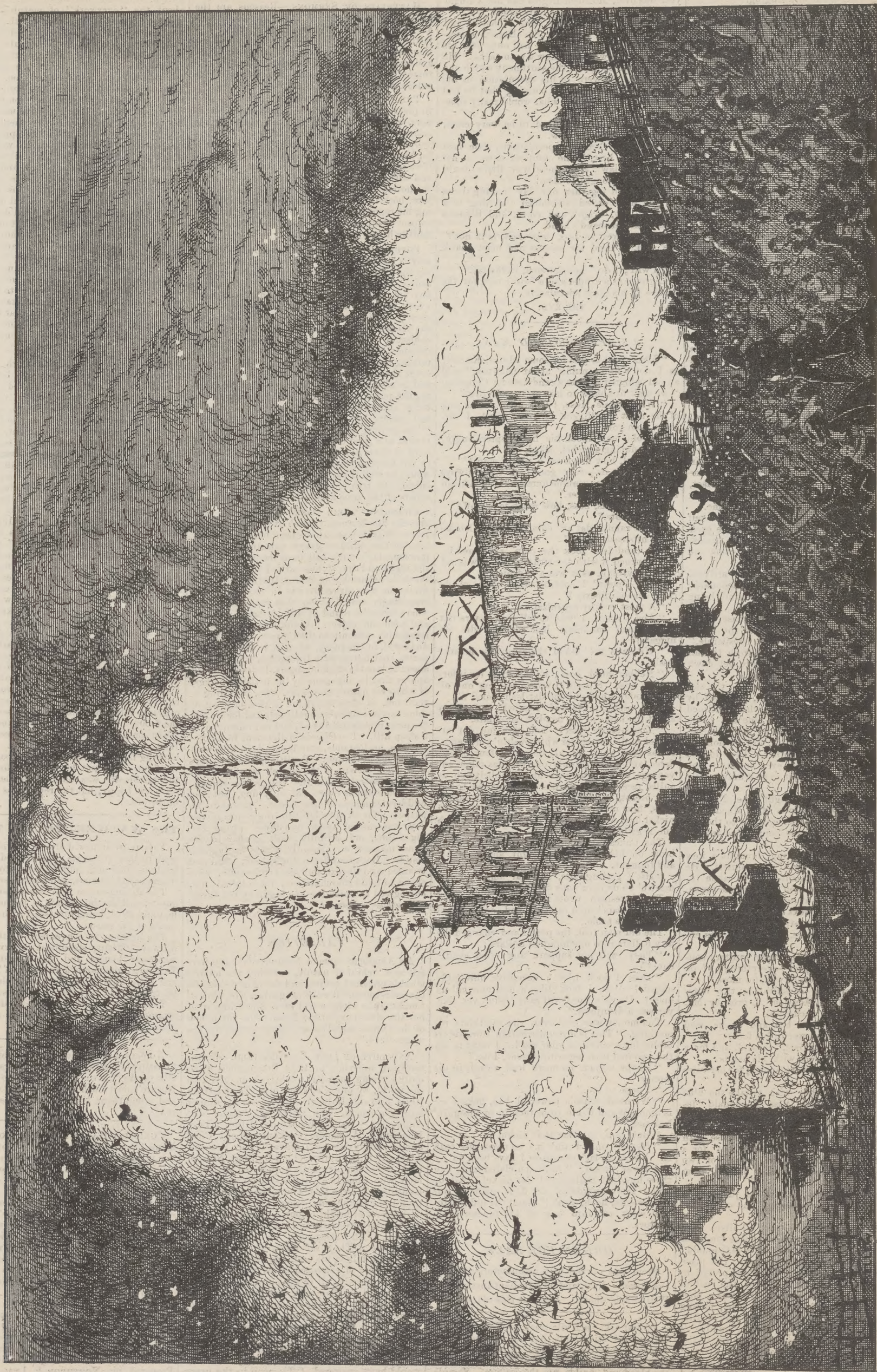
The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

No person can enjoy health while suffering Constipation of the Bowels. Harsh purgatives always do harm. Burdock Blood Bitters is Nature's own Cathartic. It regulates, purifies and strengthens the system. Trial bottles 10 cents.

CURIOSITY HAS OFTEN BEEN EXCITED by the name Thomas' Electric Oil. What does *Electric* mean? ask the enquirers. In answer, we would say it is a word coined from two Greek derivatives, meaning *selected* and *electrized*, or rendered electric. The reason for its choice is this: The oils, six in number, which are its constituents, are *selected* with the utmost care for their purity and medicinal value. The article is *electrized* or rendered electric by contact with and rubbing upon the skin when applied outwardly. The preparation is one, however, which is as reliable for internal as for external use, and since it contains only grains conducive to health, may be swallowed with perfect confidence that it will produce no other than a beneficial effect. It is used with signal success for rheumatism, throat and lung complaints, neuralgia, piles, stiffness of the joints, scalds, burns, &c., as well as for diseases and injuries of horses and cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.



QUEBEC.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CONFLAGRATION FROM MARTELLO TOWER No. 3.—DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE ENGINEERS' CONVENTION IN MONTREAL.—THE VICTORIA BRIDGE OVER THE ST. LAWRENCE.

MY JUNE BOY.

Sweet as the pink wild roses wake,
And freshness from their petals shake,
So from his head to his small feet
He wakes, all flushed and dewy sweet.
His eyelids like white clouds of morning dew,
And clear the heavenly blue for me, for me!

The wonder of the baby's eyes!
Forget-me-nots and morning glories,
And all things blue that lie between:
I named you blue ere they were seen!
Ho, violets, by the reedy rim
Of pools, where lights and shadows swim,
Seeing your soft reflections there,
Ye know what things can best compare;
Though in his eyes are depths of mystery
Which never yet were seen, sweet flowers in thee.

O rose bud, rose-bud of the South,
Say, can you match the baby's mouth?
And when your petals softly part,
Is there a white pearl in your heart?
And tell me—if you can tell—who
Has ever heard a rose-bud coo?
And can you bud and bloom, O rose-bud say,
And bloom and bud, a hundred times a day?

A dimple is an angel's kiss:
Were dimples ever placed amiss?
O apple blossoms, do not speak,
To say you're like the baby's cheek,
All white and pink, and fragrant through and through.
Have apple blossoms little dimples too?

The sunshine's fairest, finest thread
Graces and crowns his princely head.
Sometimes it gleams a halo faint,
And turns him to a baby saint.
Lo, should I gird him with a little fleece,
The infant St. John of the Veronese!

I give the palm to his sweet chin;
Yet oft his little feet will win—
Sandalized with rose leaves, his pink toes
Buds stolen from some careless rose.
I count his beauties, as the nun
Counteth her beads o'er, one by one.
So many ways my fond heart finds him fair,
It makes each breath a grateful little prayer.

He sweetly breathes in baby rest
On the dear comfort of my breast.
For love, for love, I can not speak:
A tear falls on the baby's cheek.
What, stirred at such a grief as this—
A tear warmed by thy mother's kiss!
Do roses sigh at drops of dew?
Will soft winds vex the lilies too? ...
Again in perfect rest he lies,
White eyelids drooped on bluest eyes.
So violets and snowdrops nod together,
And sleep in night-times of the sweet spring weather.

What shall a happy mother bring,
Who hath no costly offering?
No spices from beyond the sea,
No white dove even, owneth she,
No lamb unblemished, nor a stem
Of Mary's lilies. On the hem
Of the Lord's garment just a touch
Of faith brought blessings overmuch.
There may she lay a mother's kiss,
So white with love He will not miss
Spices, nor fragrant lilies, nor the glow
Of costly gems, nor doves as white as snow.

CHRISTINE CHAPLIN BRUSH, in *Harper's*.

SKELETON KEYS.

BY D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.

I.

A sombre landscape and a fading light. One straight road on a level plain running darkly to the east, and with a sombre gleam stretching back to the patch of silver in the west. A doleful place and time, and two doleful figures plodding away from the silver gleam to assail the wall of darkness in the east. Splash, splash, side by side, and the bitter wind in their ears with a shriek, and not another sound for an hour.

Tiburce Menseau, native of Paris, six feet high, powerfully built, but attenuated and ragged; John Jones, native of London, short in stature, sturdily made, but attenuated and ragged; these were the doleful two who tramped together. They were human scare-crows both, but the Frenchman was the raggeder of the two, and the more downcast. John Jones, bullet-headed, fair haired, and of a naturally cheerful countenance, went bad enough, to be sure; but now and again he rammed the shocking bad hat he wore a little closer to his head, and always when he did so he smiled as though something pleased him. Tiburce Menseau watched this gesture furtively, and between times awaited it furtively, and never a word he said. Tiburce lived by his wits; and though upon occasion they profited him little, they were sharp. He had found opportunity for the Study of Holy Writ in several institutions supported by the British Government, and one text curiously attacked his memory now, recurring to his mind every time John Jones rammed the shocking bad hat a little tighter—"Where the treasure is there will the heart be also."

Uncompromising officials in blue uniforms had on several occasions described Tiburce in public. The phrase they chose was curt, severe and widely inclusive. Moreover, it never varied.

"Do you know anything of the prisoner?" So ran the question which drew forth the descriptive criticism. The descriptive critic in blue uniform responded:

"Habitually criminal."

To do Tiburce justice, he looked the part. Leave a dark-complexioned man unshaven for a week, half-starve him for a month, dress him in rags, and let the rags be dirty, put a bitter devil of resentment in his breast, and though he were accurate to begin with, these things would tell

unfavourably upon his aspect. A man who lives by his wits should be observant, and Tiburce watched all things that seemed worth watching "with lidless dragon eye." Whenever John Jones' hand went up to his hat—and it did so with unnecessary frequency—the fingers seemed to stay a little after fixing the hat more firmly, and there was a little movement in them as though they felt for something, and then John Jones smiled as if he had felt the something and was satisfied.

Tiburce Menseau made continuous furtive note of this proceeding. What was a tramp likely to have concealed in his shocking bad hat? Half a crown? Half a sovereign? A bank note? A stolen ring of value? Tiburce had known such things.

Suddenly Tiburce Menseau stopped short and cursed a tautological *patois*, blending damns and *sacres*.

"What's the matter?" said John Jones, stopping also and facing him.

"Is there no end to the road?" asked the other, with a curse upon the dreary highway.

"Five miles yet," said John. "A good five miles."

Tiburce Menseau, taking refuge in his native language, cursed each mile in the five, and his companion made another start. Tiburce took one step after him and stopped again to curse the five miles collectively.

"Take it easy," said John Jones; and his hand went up to his hat again. He began to sing to no particular tune.

Then merrily bent the footpath way,
And merrily over the stile, ha!
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile, ha!

He went clean through that quaint ditty, and ending with a prolonged note between a howl and a groan, he sent his hand to his hat once more and smiled cheerfully.

"Where the treasure is," thought scowling Tiburce, always watchful of the gesture. It grew so dark that they could hardly keep the road. Suddenly Tiburce Menseau tripped and fell against John Jones, in such wise as accidentally to knock off his hat.

"Pardon!" said Tiburce, and groping in the darkness picked up the hat, and passing his thin, thievish fingers swiftly round within the lining felt and held a little package no larger than a penny-piece. It came away with a slight tearing feel as though it were gummed or pasted to the hat. This did not detain the skilful Tiburce half a second, and the thing was done with such delicate rapidity that even in daylight it might have escaped notice.

"I have knocked your hat off," said Tiburce. "This filthy road is filled with ruts and holes. Oh, I have it. Here you are."

The wind howled so that Tiburce had to repeat his last words. John Jones was groping wildly with both hands in mud and water. He felt greedily for the hat, and meeting the outstretched hands of the apologetic Tiburce, took it and felt within the lining, at first assuredly, and then rapidly and undecidedly. Then, with a wild yell, he was down on his knees in the mud and water groping wrist-deep.

"What's the matter?" cried Tiburce, hugging the little parcel in his hand. Surely of value—surely. Else why such care of it, and why such a cry of enraged despair at losing it?

John Jones made no reply, but went about on hands and knees in the mud, still groping.

"What's the matter?" cried Tiburce again, touching him on the shoulder. "Have you lost anything?"

"Lost!" said John Jones, voicelessly, "who can tell what I have lost!" and he groped on in the mud, while Tiburce waited with signal patience. The search came to nothing, but it went on until the searcher's bones were numbed, and until his hands could no longer feel the ground he groped on. Then with a heavy heart he staggered to his feet.

"See," said Tiburce, pointing through the darkness, "there are lights. That is the town. Have you found what you lost?"

With no answer, but with no suspicion, the stiffset Briton splashed on again through unseen mud. Once or twice he gave a heavy and heart-rending groan, half of grief, and half of rage.

"Surely," said Tiburce to himself, tightening the grip of his fingers on the package, "surely valuable."

Splash, splash, for half an hour through mud and darkness, and never a spoken word. John Jones was thinking all the way, and in bitter despair was calling certain things to mind.

II.

"Don't cry, Nell!"

This kind of advice is often easy to give and hard to obey. For once it was as hard to give as to follow. The adviser's face twitched suspiciously, as though he sorely wanted to copy the example set him by the advised. But your stiff-built, bullet-headed young Briton would rather die than weep, and he controlled himself.

"I have never cried through it all until now," said the girl between her sobs; "and it's your noble kindness that makes me cry now."

"Rubbish!" said the bullet-headed young man.

"Rubbish!" said the bullet-headed young Briton.

There were three persons in the room—a pretty girl of twenty, with a face disfigured with tears, and a slight but graceful form attired in mourning; a young man, with no especial pretensions to good looks, but strong and manly, with very

honest gray eyes; a middle-aged woman, gaunt and spare, with a spiteful face, and eyes a little reddish at the rim. The room in which they stood was almost bare of furniture, and oblong spaces on the walls, where the paper showed fresher than elsewhere, spoke of the recent removal of pictures and mirrors and gave the place a dismantled look.

"And rubbish I say," said the spiteful-looking female. "Noble kindness! Oh, ah! Noble fiddlestick! Don't talk to me."

Neither of her companions evincing the slightest desire to talk to her, the spiteful-looking female looked more spiteful still, and sniffing with much emphasis, said, Oh, ah! again, and added, "Likely story."

"He had always said"—the girl was speaking—"that I was well provided for, but now this cruel bill of sale has taken everything."

"There is still the freehold of the house," said the young man.

"Pretty freehold!" said the middle-aged female. "Rotten, tumble-down old place, two miles from everywhere, and not even a decent road within a mile of it. It was just like the old idiot to build here."

"Ann," said the girl in a voice of authority, "how dare you?"

"Oh, ah!" said the woman again. "How dare I? To be sure! Where's my year's wages with your bills of sales, eh? It's fit and proper for a decent, hard-working woman to be done out of her money by an old hunk like him, ain't it?"

"Haven't you had money enough to pay Ann her wages?" asked the young man.

"Money or no," said the woman, "she hasn't paid 'em. That's all I know."

The girl only shook her head and wept anew. The young fellow drew a lean chamois-leather bag from his pocket.

"How much?" he asked, surveying the woman sternly.

"Five pound," she answered, "not to speak of laying him out and waiting here a fortnight to be paid."

The young man counted out five sovereigns from the lean bag, which forebode to give forth one chink as he put it back into his pocket.

"There is your money. As soon as you can arrange to go, I shall be glad for you to leave."

The woman took the money disdainfully and went her way. The young man advanced to the girl and put his arm about her waist and kissed her.

"It's very hard, my darling," he said; "but it will only bring us together the sooner. I shall find employment somewhere soon, and then we must get married and face the world together."

The girl made no resistance to this programme, and he went on: "I'm not altogether sorry that you are poor, you know, for if you had been rich I should never have had the cheek to tell you that I loved you. That isn't altogether selfish, Nell, for I shall make you much happier than any amount of money would."

It was oddly said, but it looked likely to be true. Those gray eyes of his, and his square, plain, manly faces were very honest, and provocative of faith. They heard the banging the spiteful female made in packing her belongings, but beyond the fact that the girl said once that Ann had been cruel and ungrateful, they took no notice of it. The young man sat down, and drew the girl beside him on a sofa, and made love to her, and dried her eyes with his handkerchief, and by the time the spiteful female got her trunk down stairs, with much reiterated bumping from step to step, the poor grief-worn thing was smiling at him, though through eyes which still had a suspicion of tears in them. By and by the young man made a dive to his watch-pocket to see what time it was, but his thumb and finger encountering nothing but pawn tickets, he withdrew them with a smile which was somewhat grim. The spiteful female knocked at the door, and, without awaiting a response, entered.

"There's nothing to eat in the house," she said. "Am I going to be drove out without a crust?"

The girl's face flushed, and then became deadly white, and she returned no answer; but after a struggle, which her quivering features clearly indicated, burst anew into tears. The young man stooped and whispered in her ear:

"Is that true?"

"Yes," she sobbed in answer. "I have no money—not a penny."

"Right about face. March!" said the young man rising. The spiteful female who had come in for the express purpose of firing this spiteful shaft, went out exultant. "That being the case," said the young man cheerfully, when the woman had gone, "you must let me be your banker."

He drew forth the lean chamois-leather purse again, and from it extracted one last sovereign, which he laid upon the table.

"And now," he added, "there is no more time to lose. I must go back and look for employment at once. I will send more money in a day or two, somehow."

"Oh, Walter," said the girl, clinging to him, "I can't sleep in this house alone. I dare not. There is nothing in it that belongs to me. They will take away everything to-morrow."

"Have you nowhere to go?" he asked gravely.

"Nowhere," she answered. The bullet-headed young Briton's lip quivered, and a tearsprang with a sting into each honest gray eye as he looked down at her.

"I will go into the village," he said after a

momentary pause, to make sure that his voice was steady and should sound cheerful in her ears, "and get rooms for you."

He kissed her and went away, and in the course of an hour and a half returned, trundling a wheelbarrow before him.

"Pack up!" he said cheerfully; "I have got a stunning place for you." He lit his pipe and sat down upon the handle of the wheelbarrow. "Tell me when you're ready," he called through the open door, "and I'll carry your traps down, Nell." Then he smoked with an appearance of deliberate jollity, belied by an occasional suspicious winking of the honest gray eyes and a suspicious quiver in the upper lip. When the girl came down again she saw that he was alone.

"Walter," she said, "you cannot wheel my things into the village."

"Why not?" said he, squaring his broad shoulders and lifting a stalwart arm. "I wheeled three hundredweight a measured mile without resting in my last term. Went into training at it for a fortnight. I'm a great hand at a wheelbarrow."

"I know you're strong enough," she answered with a sad, admiring smile; "but you mustn't do it, really."

"Dignity be blowed, my dear!" said the young man. "Are the traps ready? Tell me the room."

He went upstairs in obedience to her directions—reluctantly given after further protest—and brought down two boxes, neither of which looked very heavy in his muscular arms.

"Now," he said, "you're not a part of this procession beyond the top of the hill, and you'll go into the village through the fields. Everybody knows me here, and I'm Walter Mackenzie if I wheeled a pyramid of barrows and stood on my head to do it. There, look the outside door, and give me the key. Good-bye, old house. Better luck for us where we're going. Come along, dear. A brave heart!"

He trundled the wheelbarrow along, and began to sing to no particular tune:

Then merrily bent the footpath way,
And merrily over the stile, ha!
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile, ha!

Now and then, the road being lonely, he lightened labour with a kiss. The specified hill-top being reached, he directed his companion to the house he had chosen for her, and they parted for a while; and Walter Mackenzie, B.A., of Oriel, and barrister-at-law, tooled his wheelbarrow down the hill, the lighter perhaps that he had not a sixpence in his pocket or any where in the wide, wide world.

"I've got a clear field and no favour," he said as he went along. "Except Nell's," he added in revision. "I'll work hard for her if I turn cabman. I'll knock some golden chips off some odd corner of this thundering old planet before I've done with it. See if I don't!"

He met the object of his solicitude at the door of her new home and gave her in charge to a decent, clean-looking, old village woman, and then, having wheeled the barrow into a little tool-house at the back of the garden, he returned to say "Good-bye." With promises of an early return from London, and a whisper that he would send more money soon, he went his way to the railway-station.

"Got a return ticket, anyhow," he said to himself. "There's grub in my chambers for a couple of days, and Billy will be home by then. Get some coin from Billy. Good sort, Billy is, and has lots of the needful. Don't know when I shall be able to pay him back. Must get something to do. Bar ain't my line. Gordon Cumming business—mighty lion-slaver—that's my form, or might be, if there were no Nelly. Poor little girl! Must get something to do and get married. Not provident. Can't afford to be provident. Should feel like a sweep if I tried to be provident. Nelly must be taken care of, and the only way is to marry her—take care of at once—only way to marry at once. Here's the train."

Walter Mackenzie reached London in due time, and walked from Euston to his chambers in Gray's Inn. Two letters awaited him. One of these was in a familiar hand, and told him that this friend was away for another six months' yachting in the Mediterranean. No chance of help from that quarter. The next letter looked legal. Probably a dun; but it came from Liverpool, and he had no creditor there. He read it uneagerly enough at first, but having got through it capered round the room and snapped his fingers, and roared "Hurrah!" again and again, and again.

"Sir," the letter ran, "Acting on the instructions of the late John Launceston Barclay, of Ashford Warren, we beg to inform you that we have in our hands a safe which is only to be opened in your presence and in our office. We shall be glad to see you here at your earliest convenience."

The letter bore signature, "Thwaite and Tolby."

"All right, Thwaite and Tolby," said Walter Mackenzie, "I'll be with you like a bird. Old Barclay knew that Nell and I would marry. He had money after all. Everybody knew he had money, though nobody guessed where it was or how he kept it."

So, full of hopes and queer surmises, he began exultantly to plan for the future when it struck him in a rather chill way that to go to Liverpool, would require money. The scanty furniture of his chambers did not belong to him. He had sold his law books, and pawned almost

everything pawnable, to bury his sweetheart's great uncle, and to relieve her later necessities. He began to ransack his wardrobe. Half a dozen shirts; one very elderly shabby suit of clothes; one pair of ivory-backed brushes; one very battered old portmanteau. Into the portmanteau went the shirts, the shabby suit, the ivory-backed brushes; and away through the dusk went the barrister to the sign of the trine globes of gold. My uncle's myrmidon surveyed the lot with depreciatory air, and offered less by half a crown than the third-class fare to Liverpool.

"Take 'em over the counter," said the bullet-headed Briton. "I'll be back in five minutes."

He dived out of the shop into Holborn, and went hurriedly back to his chambers. Finding a felt hat there he rammed it into an old leather hat-box and returned. Again reaching my uncle's he opened the hat-box, took off his guinea castor, much worn, but decent still, and assumed the felt.

"Half a crown on that lot," he said, cheerily.

"Two shillin'," said my uncle's myrmidon.

"Give me the old coat out of the portmanteau," said the barrister-at-law. He emptied the pockets of the new coat he had on, took off that garment, and assumed the old one. "Now how much?"

"Go yer an extra five bob on this," said the myrmidon, having carefully examined the coat with an especial eye to seams, button-holes, cuffs, and linings.

"That will do."

"Name?" said the myrmidon.

"John Jones."

"Address?"

"Seven Dials."

The myrmidon grinned and substituted "Holborn." He slammed the silver and copper on the counter and pushed the ticket across it. A second later, looking a trifle shabby, the hurrying John Jones was in the street again, and five minutes later was seated in the chambers, consulting a time-table.

"I fancy I shall do best to go at once," he said aloud. "Rug and overcoat both gone. Night journey. Don't like it." There he took a mental stand, and with an air of much scorn and severity addressed himself: "Look here, young man. What you like and what you have to do are very often very different things. You do your duty, and shut your trap, and cease to grumble. That's your lay, young man. D'ye hear me now? Ha! would you? Very well, then!"

Reaching Liverpool whilst the day was yet scarcely alive, he walked into a second-rate coffee-house and breakfasted, dawdling over the local morning papers and an odd number of *Punch*, old enough for its jokes to have acquired a sort of freshness. Ten o'clock came at last and he started for the office of Messrs. Thwaite and Tolby. On the road the announcement, "Wash and brush-up, two-pence," appeared before him, and a glance at the mirrored window assured him that two-pence so expended would be wisely bestowed. He had not many two-pences, but he had the wash and brush-up notwithstanding, and in spite of the crumpled felt and the seedy coat he looked a gentleman.

Neither the great Tolby nor the greater Thwaite had yet arrived when he reached their offices, and he sat down to wait, beginning a new study of the local papers and yesterday's *Times*. After a weary waiting Thwaite and Tolby came, elderly, fresh-coloured gentlemen, so much alike that they might have seemed John Doe and Richard Roe in person.

"Our business is very simple, Mr. Mackenzie," said Mr. Thwaite; "very simple. Our late client, Mr. Barclay, himself accompanied this safe to the office." Mr. Thwaite waved his hand behind him, and it was not yet certain which was the safe alluded to. The visitor was curious on that point. "In our presence he put a seal upon the lock." Ah, then, that was the safe with the sprawling red seal upon the keyhole. "He left written instructions that the safe was not to be opened until a fortnight after his death, and then only in your presence and ours. The specified time having expired, and we three being present, we may, I presume, at once open the safe and hand its contents over to your care. That is the limit of our instructions."

With grave interest the young barrister and the junior partner stood by whilst Mr. Thwaite demolished the seal by two or three smart taps with a big key, and then with a smaller key turned the lock. The door came heavily back, for it was a big safe, and the hinges seemed somewhat dull. None knew what he expected to see; but there was at least an idea in each mind that there would be something more in so large a safe than a single blue envelope. Yet that was all. Mr. Thwaite gravely handed it to the chilled and wondering Mackenzie. There was his own name written, and after it the words: "To be opened at once."

"The mountain in labour," said Walter, nodding at the safe, "has brought forth a mouse."

"Perhaps not, Mr. Mackenzie, perhaps not," said the junior partner.

The envelope, being opened, revealed a single page of note-paper and a packet no bigger than a penny-piece. The packet was tightly folded, and carefully gummed. The single page of note-paper contained these words only: "It is my wish that Walter Mackenzie should carry this package to Ellen Barclay, my great-niece, and should open it in her presence."

"Well! That was all. There was obviously

nothing to do but to say "Good morning" and go about their respective businesses. The partners smiled, and looked serious, and said that Mr. Barclay was always a singular man from his youth up. They trusted that Mr. Mackenzie would find matters satisfactory yet. They bowed Mr. Mackenzie out civilly; and Mr. Mackenzie, with a packet of unknown contents no bigger than a penny-piece, was standing with wondering indecision in the street, and asking himself vaguely what was to be done. How far to Ashford Warren? to begin with. Two-pence for a glass of beer and a look at a local ABC time-table. One hundred and ninety-eight miles. Mr. Mackenzie, with his glass of beer untasted before him, looked dismally at that record. Call it two hundred miles. Call his possible rate of travel on foot three and thirty miles a day. Call it a six days' journey. How to live in the meantime. Total funds, two and threepence-halfpenny. Four pence-halfpenny per diem and a halfpenny to spare. He drank his glass of beer and walked into the street again.

Bullet-headed, square set, with honest gray eyes and plain manly countenance; puzzled, but not downcast, he stood and planned. Not a brilliant man, not a clever fellow, by any means. The problem was very simple—borrow the fare from the lawyers. There was a solution. Not for him, though. He began to walk, set his first stage in his mind, inquired his way, kept solidly on at it. Tramp, tramp, tramp a set, regular, measured swing. He was in splendid training, and the miles went by—miles of streets, miles of suburbs, miles of country road, country town and scattered villages.

The little packet rested in a limp chamois-leather purse, otherwise empty. He drew it out as he went, and looked at it, and there saw clearly impressed upon the paper in a blurred outline, like the beginning of a small key. He could follow in the same outline with his fingers. It seemed probable that the key was intended for a lock, somewhere or other, and that the lock protected something. He put the little packet carefully back again, and munching fragments of his loaf marched on castle building. Five and thirty miles since morning. Exhausted nature said, "Do no more;" sturdy will of the bullet-headed Briton said, "Another mile." Six and thirty miles since morning. Exhausted nature cried out: "Beware a break-down!" Said the bullet-headed Briton, stumbling sorely, "One more mile. And so the fight went on till forty miles were finished. Feet raw, with much galling. Honest gray eyes dim with great fatigue and pain. Boots wrecked, shoulders bent, plain, resolute countenance pale and worn, with streaks of rain-drawn dye from forehead to chin, distilled from the crumbling felt. He sold his waistcoat for sixpence to an old clothes man in the next town he came to, and bought food, and pegged along munching. As he munched he sighted a miserable figure ahead, and by and by overtook it. The miserable figure threw him a salutation in a foreign accent. He returned it and went on, not being in the mood for converse with anybody. But looking back he saw that the man looked pale and weak, and so waited for him to come up.

"Hungry, mate?" said the barrister-at-law.

"Half-dead," said the man with the foreign accent.

Walter shared his loaf, and the other fell ravenously at it without a thank-you.

"How far are you going?" asked the Englishman.

"Ten miles to-day," said the foreigner, with a groan and a French anathema.

"Good-day and good-luck to you."

The barrister-at-law was ahead again, meaning to do much more than ten miles that day; but before ten miles were done, or for that matter five, the rain came down in such drenching torrents that he took refuge in an open barn, and thither came the Frenchman also, dripping wet and looking scarce alive. They sat upon straw and watched the rain as it pelted down. Walter shared his last pipe of tobacco with the miserable stranger, and the two fell to talk together, and shared confidences so far as to tell each other nothing that was true. The barrister trotted out his simple *alias* of John Jones, and announced his destination as Seven Dials. The Frenchman gave his name as Tiburce Menseau, and frankly avowed himself without a destination. The rain subsiding a little they made another start, but before they had gone a mile it came down worse than ever, and they took shelter in another outhouse.

"Where shall you sleep to-night?" asked John Jones.

"At the next workhouse," said Tiburce Menseau. "They will give me bed and supper, and although they will make me work before I go, they will give me bread for breakfast. That is something, let me tell you, when a man is starving."

"Something—yes," said John Jones, and fell a thinking.

John Jones was faint; John Jones was weary and forlorn. For a dweller in the Seven Dials he entertained a singular objection to sleeping in a workhouse. Yet where else could he rest? who would give him shelter?

"Nell shan't suffer for any fine-mouthed freak of mine," said the bullet-headed. "I'm not going to break down to oblige anybody's notions of pride. You'll lie in the workhouse to-night, John Jones, as befits your Seven Dials' breeding."

When the rain ceased again they plodded on once more, and, turning matters over in his bullet-head, John Jones determined to *catcher*

his little packet. So, finding a crumb or two of bread, he moistened them into paste between his lips, and retiring behind a hay-stack, he smeared the glutinous softened bread upon one side of the paper packet, and fastened it within the leather lining of his felt hat. Who knew what treasure he carried there? Not he; though he had all sorts of visions. The visions were all for Nell, but Nell belonged to a hungry tramp whose boots were broken, and who carried El Dorado in his hat.

The two travellers slept in a country workhouse, and Tiburce Menseau, before entering, had his own little treasure to *catcher*. He hid it high above a door-jamb in the broken wall of the very workhouse he slept in. The wall looked on bare fields at the edge of the country town, and the little treasure was nothing but a small bunch of skeleton keys, necessary, perhaps, for some future operation Tiburce may have had in mind.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE *Morning Post* appears on Whit Monday as a penny paper.

IF Mr. Gladstone goes to the "Upper," it will be as the Earl of Oxford.

THE Earl of Camperdown is likely to be the new Governor-General of Madras.

ALL officers whose regiments are quartered in Ireland and who are at present on leave have been ordered to return at once.

A DOG-OWNER'S protective society has been formed to exterminate, if possible, by the united co-operation of dog-owners, the spreading practice of dog-stealing.

ON account of the Princess of Wales riding on the opposite side of her horse to that which ladies usually do, there have been of late several imitations of the fashion seen in London.

It is announced that the Queen has signified her intention to confer the decoration of the Victoria Cross upon Lieutenant-Colonel George S. White, C.B., for gallant conduct in Afghanistan.

THE International Rifle Match between England and Ireland will take place on the 1st of July next at Dollymount, near Dublin. The English team will be under the captaincy of Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., president of the English eight; the Irish under that of Viscount Massarene and Ferrard. The Lord-Lieutenant has promised to attend the match.

THE controversy recently carried on in the *Times* respecting Mr. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" is not likely to terminate soon. Mr. Froude, wishing to act a generous part and to bring all bitterness to an end, sent unsolicited to Mrs. Mary Carlyle a cheque for the handsome sum of £1,500. This is believed to be the entire profits on the work that has occasioned so much ill-feeling among the historian's friends.

Only one town ventures to predict that within a given period it will be ahead of the metropolis in the matter of population. This is that thriving mushroom city, Barrow-in-Furness, whose inhabitants have increased by 150 per cent. since 1871, when the little town was scarcely known outside Lancashire. At present there seems no limit to its growth, and it is calculated that in sixty years it will contain as many people as London does now. But what will Londoners be at for the next sixty years to permit this? London will, perhaps, have eight millions of inhabitants and still not be rivalled by the highly renowned Barrow cum Furnish.

THE May meetings at Exeter Hall have been as fully attended as ever, and are likely to be prolonged into June. One of the number was a meeting of revivalists now pretty well known by their chosen name of the Salvation Army. The spiritual troops mustered thrice during the day—in the morning, afternoon, and evening. Each time the Strand entrance was densely thronged before the opening of the doors, which was half an hour before the commencement of the proceedings. The floor was allotted to the rank and file, while the platform was occupied by the Salvation Army's military band and by the whole hierarchy of its officers, male and female, from the president, General Booth, downwards. On the General's right were his two daughters, both eloquent preachers. The officers appeared in uniform, the males mostly in dark green cloth, like some of our Volunteers, with the letter "S" on the right side of the collar and "A" on the left. The ladies were in dark blue or black, wore pretty cottage bonnets, and had their right arms encircled by a riband bearing the words "Salvation Army." There were four flags on the platform.

THE grand outlets of disease from the system are the Skin, the Bowels, and the Kidneys. Burdock Blood Bitters is the most safe, pleasant and effectual purifier and health restoring tonic in the world. Trial bottles 10 cents.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

M. DE LESSEPS is going to cut through the Isthmus of Corinth. Nothing seems sacred to Monsieur; he would have severed the Siamese Twins.

THE journal *Le Petit Marseillais* publishes a telegram from its London correspondent, in which Mr. *Blue-Book* is stated to have made a speech to which Lord Granville replied!

THE one hundredth performance of *Nana* in Paris was celebrated by a supper and ball. It would have been more appropriate to have taken all the performers in this filthy piece to visit a small-pox hospital.

THE ship on which Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt returned from America has become an object of worship on the part of the inhabitants of Havre. They visit the state-room where she lived, where she slept, where she ate, where she was sea-sick. Probably some enterprising person will buy the fixtures of the room and sell them in fragments as precious and curious relics.

M. HENRI PREVOST, the young gentleman who astonished all Paris a short time ago by the unusual compass of his powerful voice, has been engaged at the Grand Opéra, on which stage he is to appear after studying for two years under an excellent master. M. Vaucorbeil, in order to secure the future services of this promising tenor, had to pay a forfeit of 5,000 francs to the manager of the Château-d'Eau theatre, with whom M. Henri Prevost had signed a previous engagement.

AN interesting experiment took place in the scenery store-room of the Opéra in the Rue Richer last week. The store-room was connected by a double wire with the prompter's box of the Opéra. Four Ader telephones were fixed to the wall and a commutator allowed the sound to be transferred from one pair of telephones to the other. The *Tribut de Zamora*, orchestra, choruses and soloists were heard admirably. This experiment was made with a view to establishing 120 telephones on the same plan at the Electrical Exhibition which is to open at the Palais de l'Industrie in August. It proved by demonstration that at the present moment it is possible to have gas, water, and the Opéra laid on in every house in Paris.

SEVERAL Parisian papers last week spread an absurd rumour concerning the marriage of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York *Herald*, with a princess of the Bonaparte family. No one has been so often and so brilliantly married by the French press as Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who, by the way, is dubbed a knight by many of these ingenious organs, under the title of Sir James Gordon Bennett, when he is not simply called Mr. James Bennett Gordon. Concerning the *canard* of the marriage with Princess Bonaparte, it is evident that it was invented *de toutes pièces* by one of those conscientious gentlemen charged with providing the "light" Paris press with "fashionable" information, and afterwards amplified by *confrères* who assumed to know a great deal more about the matter than the man who evolved it from his lively imagination. It is an axiom with French reporters that no news is so valuable as a *canard*; for after it has been stated, which gives one paragraph, it is contradicted, which gives another.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS MINNIE HAWK finished last month a most successful tour through Holland.

MADAME GERSTER has been engaged by Max Strakosch for a concert and opera season next year.

MR. STRAKOSCH has also been negotiating with Campaulni, and it is reported that his engagement is not impossible.

CIRE HERSE, the comedian of the Soldene Opera Troupe, has committed suicide.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for presenting a suitable testimonial to Mr. Mauns, of the Crystal Palace, in recognition of his valuable services to music in England.

AN application has been made to Mr. Irving on behalf of Signora Ristori, who wishes to play "Lady Macbeth" in English with some actor of position.

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON's promised representations at Her Majesty's Theatre are throwing other arrangements in the shade. Mlle. Ilma di Murska's impersonation of *Marta*, excepted.

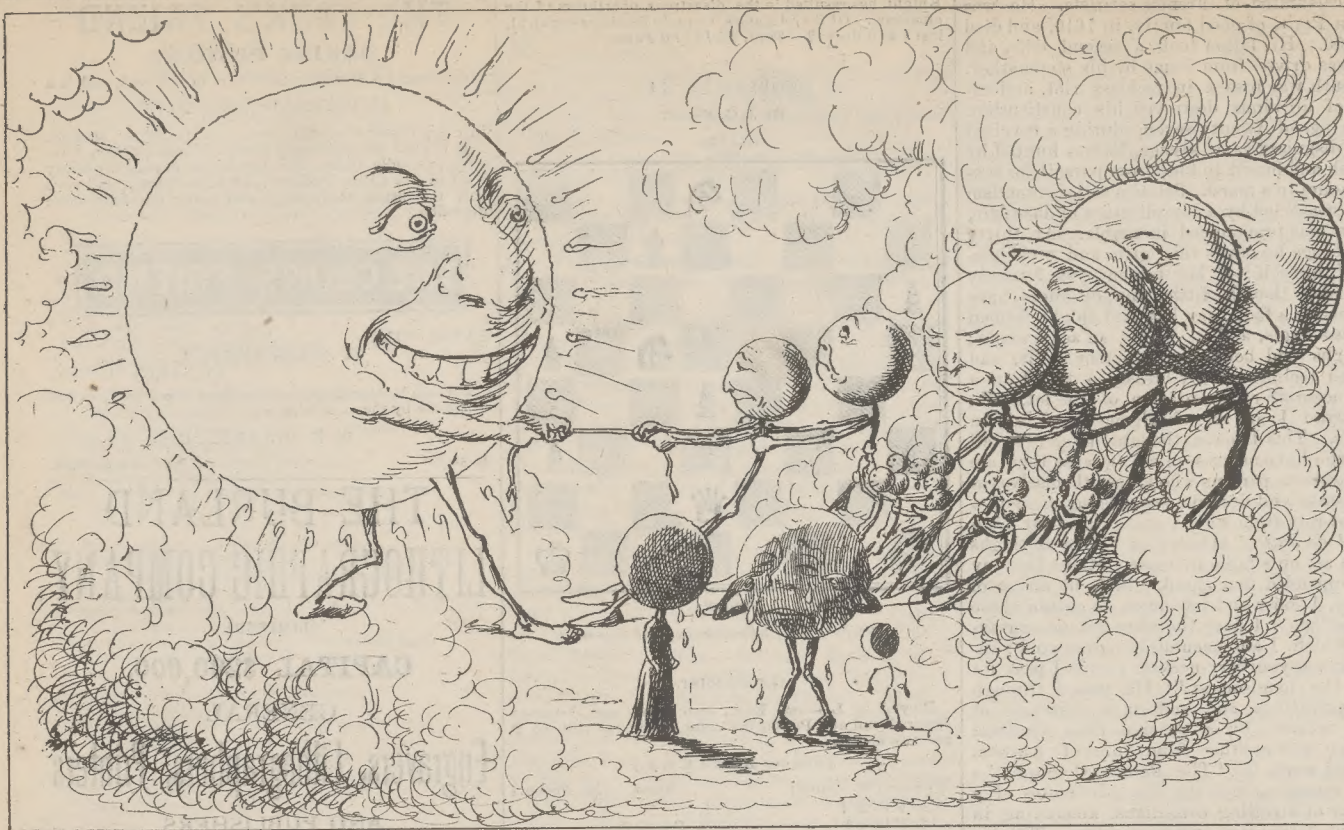
PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.



A NOOK IN THE FOREST.—FROM A PEN AND INK DRAWING BY ALAN EDSON, R. C. A.



THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE.—FROM THE PICTURE BY F. DADD.



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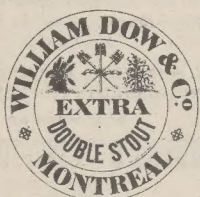
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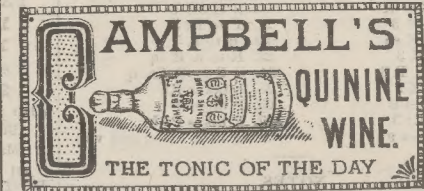
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